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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Choice Poetry.

STEYERMARK.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

In Steyermark—green Steyermark,
The fields are bright and the forests dark—
Bright with the maids that bind the sheaves,
Dark with the solemn arch of leaves!
Voices and streams and sweet bells chime
Over the land, in the harvest-time,
And the blithest songs of the finch and lark
Are heard in the orchards of Steyermark!

In Steyermark—old Steyermark,
The mountain summits are white and stark;
The rough winds furrow their trackless snow,
But the mirrors of crystal are smooth below;
The stormy Danube clasps the wave
That downward sweeps with the Drave and Save,
And the Euxine is whitened with many a barque,
Freighted with ores of Steyermark!

In Steyermark—rough Steyermark,
The anvils ring from dawn till dark;
The molten streams of the furnace glare,
Blurring with crimson the midnight air;
The lusty voices of the forgemen chord,
Chanting the ballad of "Siegfried's Sword,"
While ponderous hammers the chorus mark,
And this is the music of Steyermark!

In Steyermark—dear Steyermark,
Hearts are glad as the soaring lark;
There men are framed in the manly mould
Of their stalwart sires of the days of old;
And the sunny blue of the Styrian sky
Grows soft in the timid maiden's eye,
When love descends with the twilight dark,
In the beechen groves of Steyermark.

In Steyermark—brave Steyermark,
The flame of Freedom has left a spark,
Whose lingering glow, in her rudest glen,
Is kept alive with the iron men!
Ere long, the slaves of a tyrant's breath
Shall be driven beyond the hills of Death,
And the beacon-snows of her mountains mark
The barriers of ransomed Steyermark!

Pictures of Life.

AN INCIDENT OF THE LATE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The newspapers have sufficiently informed us of the public events which occurred during the last week of February, but many a sad tale connected with these days of horror, remains unknown, save to the few who acted in them. On one of these occasions, when the noise of firing and drum beating sounded at a sufficient distance to lead me to suppose actual danger was equally far off, I set out to see a friend who lived about three quarters of a mile farther from Paris than the street I then resided in. It was a fine, fresh spring day, the lower branches of the lilac trees began to burst their leafy buds; the snowdrop, crocus, hepatica, and gay yellow daffodil enlivened the gardens, and the wall flower filled the air with fragrance. After the sleepless nights and anxious days I had lately passed, I was more than commonly susceptible to these sweet perfumes and sights, which seemed to speak of peace and quiet so strongly, that they almost induced a feeling of security for the moment; and I began to comfort myself with the hope that the worst was over, and that although it might be long ere commercial or social confidence was restored, still life and property would be safe, and by degrees those who lived out of the gay world, as I did, would return to the usual routine of their former quiet habits, and feel that to them at least a monarchy or republic made little difference, while political matters would in due time be settled and arranged on a new plan. Encouraging myself in these pleasing anticipations, though I then more than half feared they would turn out delusions, as they assuredly have done, I walked briskly forward, when all at once the peculiar tap, tap, tap of the drum, and the heavy unmeasured step of a large body of men struck upon my practised ear, telling too plainly it was not military who were approaching. While deliberating which way to turn, I looked up and saw there was no retreating, without showing the alarm, which was always dangerous at this time. Making, therefore, a virtue of necessity, I walked boldly forward, and addressing a tall, fierce-looking, rather sullen young man in a blouse, I said that, sure of the politeness of Frenchmen, I ventured to request him to conduct me past the advancing body of *citoyens*, who, perhaps—as the wit equalled the gallantry of his brave countrymen—might be led to make quizzing remarks on a lady walking alone amid so many men during such stirring times. At first he looked as if disposed to be insolent; but as I proceeded with my speech, his vanity was no doubt satisfied, for his countenance relaxed, and he smilingly assured me he would with pleasure accompany me, and accordingly we walked, unmolested, and almost unobserved, through this martial crowd. All were armed variously; some had swords drawn, many had their arms bared up to the elbows, ready for bloody work, and the red flag of the revolution waved every here and there, while shouts, cries, songs and howls rent the air.

At length we arrived at clear ground, and I smilingly thanked my conductor.

"Salut, citoyenne," said he.

"Vive la nation! Vive la republique!" responded I, and walked on somewhat relieved.

I arrived at Madame de Vannion's house, and found her at work with her daughter Celestine—an only child of about nine years of age; a little girl of much family consequence, as she was heiress to an immense fortune on the death of her grandfather. We talked of the times, and I related what I had just passed through. "Ah!" said she, "many bands of insurgents have gone by this house, but we do not approach the windows, and none of them have ever molested us; but God knows when our turn may arrive. There you may hear their horrid revolutionary tap now at a distance!"

Shortly after it became more audible, nearer and nearer it approached, and we looked at each other with alarmed countenances. At last the pikes and flags became visible.

"Louis! Louis!" cried Madame de Vannion, to the servant, "bolt the doors, and at your peril look out of the window!"

The noise increased, and Celestine began to cry. Her mother tried to comfort her, and we talked of the unreasonableness of being frightened at a mere sound; but as there was some reason to apprehend a slight derangement in the action of the heart in her case, her mother, acting upon the advice of her medical attendant, rose to prepare a soothing draught they were in the habit of giving to the child when any unusual circumstance agitated her. I had heard of their alarms on this subject without myself sharing in their fears, for Celestine was sturdily made, bright complexioned, fond of play, and accustomed to live so much in the air, and to take so much exercise without ever appearing over-fatigued, that I almost inclined to think her parents were over-anxious about their precious charge, and used the doctor's name as an excuse for spoiling her a little, particularly as even he announced that by careful tending she would outgrow these symptoms.

At this moment, however, her unusual pallor struck me, and I drew her kindly towards me, while Madame de Vannion proceeded to the next room in search of a caraft of water. Upon opening the door, we discovered Monsieur Louis standing staring at the open window.

"Come back, Louis," said Madame de Vannion, quickly. "Did I not tell you on no pretence to approach the window?"

"Be easy, madame; it will be nothing; they are past. At this moment he started, and exclaimed, "Ah! one of them looks back: he looks angry!"

"Leave the window!" cried we, striving to drag him from it. But he seemed spell-bound: he wrung his hands.

"They have turned: they are coming: it is over with us! Ah, madame, may Heaven have mercy on us!" The next minute thundering blows fell on the door of the house. "Ouvrez—ouvrez!"

"Louis," said his mistress, with quiet dignity, "open the door."

The pale quaking coward answered, "No, no: no such thing! To the cellar!" and he disappeared.

The knocking and kicking continued, and my friend advanced to the window. "What do you want, mes amis?"

"Want! Everything—meat, money, bread, wine! Come, come, open the door, malheureuse."

At that moment one of these madmen presented his musket at her and fired; but fortunately being quite drunk, the ball went on one side.

"Do not beat down my door," said my friend; "wait and I will open it." And both of us advancing, keeping the poor child behind us, opened the door. The multitude poured in: they were drunk, and dirty, and filled the house with a horrible odor. They opened every closet, every door, every drawer, and three shots were fired in the drawing-room; however, they fortunately hit none of us. Wine and bread, and thirty francs which were lying on the mantlepiece, were taken; and one ruffian seized a pendule, but the leader crying out at once, "No robbery!" he replaced it.

"Are they going to kill us, mamma?" asked little Celestine.

"My child, I cannot tell; but if they do, we shall go to God, and in Heaven there are no terrors."

"I am saying my prayers, mamma."

She shed no tear—she uttered no cry—but amid all the uproar of this fearful scene, the beating of her little heart was distinctly audible. We trembled, yet our words were calm, and our looks firm. At last there were signs of departure; the noise lulled; they bayoneted the bread, drank the wine, putting the bottles to their lips, and then breaking them afterwards; they pushed us rudely about, under pretence of shaking hands with us, saying they would on their return settle matters with the man who had only escaped a coward's death that time by running away to conceal himself. They then left us amid oaths, shouts, and laughter; and when the door was closed, and the fearful sounds had died in the distance, we began to feel a terror that during the scene I have just described we had not been conscious of. All was put in order by our own hands in silence, for we durst not speak; and we felt that active exertion alone could preserve us from fainting.

On M. de Vannion's return to dinner, when his wife related to him the events of the morning, he appeared anxious about the effect such a fright must have had upon Celestine. The child assured him that she hardly remembered the scene. She recollected a first terror, and then a feeling of faintness, and that her heart had beat very quickly; but that she felt nothing now, that her own papa was beside her. Still she did not regain her former cheerfulness, nor was she calm and gentle as heretofore: she became irritable with her companions, impatient with her bonne, and frequently left her plays, complaining of headache. This unsatisfactory state of her health ended in an attack of fever, from which in due time she recovered, although her complexion never regained the brilliant hue for which it had been remarkable, but remained pale as a marble statue. Another singularity was, that neither before nor during her illness, nor after her recovery, did she ever name the visit of the insurgents; and she showed so much uneasiness when any one else alluded to it, that her parents requested their friends to avoid the subject and talk of other more cheerful matters before her. She soon returned to her toys, plays, lessons and childish prattle, and seemed as happy and thoughtless as usual; though a drum, a shot or a shout always turned her paler. One evening, as there appeared to be more than common disturbance in the street, and Celestine appeared uneasy, her mother proposed that she should retire early to rest, hoping to get her asleep before the uproar increased. She obeyed at once, and was soon in her little bed.

"Good night, my child," said her mother, kissing her. "But stay, I will go and get you a chocolate bonbon. On her return, she held it out; "Here, my love, here is the bonbon;" but Celestine's hand was not raised. "Are you asleep already? Are you ill?—or are you playing me a trick? Come take the bonbon, and give me another kiss. Speak, Celestine, to mamma; do not agitate me, my dear child." * * * Little Celestine was dead!

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MYSTERY.

FROM THE NEW HAMPSHIRE GAZETTE.

The remarkable history we are about to relate, occurred within our recollection, and over a certain locality in New Hampshire. The exciting event will be recognised and remembered. About two miles from a small town in the State we have mentioned, the road crosses a hill of considerable eminence, beyond which a valley of a mile broad, called by the people an "intervale," lay extended. This piece of land, from over tillage, was worn out, and belonged to a man who kept a tavern by the road side. Near the top of the hill, on the side nearest the valley, was a deep pond—a strange place, it is true, for such a thing to exist, but the nature of the ground made a permanent lodgment of the water in the hill perfectly natural. Near this pond, there stood a rude tenement, in which there lived a woman, looked upon in the neighborhood with great distrust and suspicion. She had a little girl with her, a child of five years of age, whom she called her daughter, and who was her only companion in the hut in which she lived.

A farmer, who resided upon the outskirts of the town, upon opening the door one morning, discovered this poor little girl, bare-footed and ragged, crouched beneath the eave of the house, and seemingly very much terrified.—When he questioned her, she said she had come to tell him something dreadful, but she feared her mother would kill her for doing so.

"Oh, good sir! I think it is right that I should tell you, for it is something very bad—but my mother will kill me if you tell her."

The farmer quieted the child's fears, and then heard from her the horrid relation that her mother had last night murdered and robbed a traveller, who stopped at her house. It had stormed dreadfully during the night, and a strange man, she said, had come to the lonely hut looking for shelter. He had gone to sleep stretched upon the floor, before the fire, and hearing a groan in the night, she woke up and saw her mother killing the stranger with a knife. She lay still, in great terror, and saw her mother take money from the man's pockets and hide it, and then drag the body in a narrow space behind the chimney and cover it with brushwood, used for fuel, after which the miserable murderess crept into bed by the child's side. The poor girl could not sleep, and at the first peep of morning she saw her mother rise again, drag the body from the chimney to the pond, at the back of the house, tie stones to it, and with a long pole force it down to the thick mud at the bottom. Terrified, pale, almost speechless with fear, the little girl fled from her mother's habitation, and ran a mile and a half to a farmer's house, to relate these horrid details.

Of course, the alarm was instantly given, and the terrible excitement flew through the town and among the neighbors for miles around. An early hour in the morning found constables, and a large crowd of people assembled at the woman's dwelling. The unhappy wretch instantly turned pale, and exhibited every sign of guilt; first refusing the officers admission; then forcing herself between them and the space behind the chimney, as if eager to retard investigation, but still vociferously asserting her innocence. An officer got behind the chimney and picked up a large knife, on which together with the floor around was newly clotted blood; but the woman continued insolently to deny her guilt, and accused the child of lying, in revenge for having been whipped the night before. This rash assertion instantly confirmed the guilt, for it was evident a child of five years old could never invent such a story, and the burst of indignation against the mother for her unnatural charge, told the strong feeling that was already awakened against her. The girl still overcome with terror, and kept in awe by the mother's frowns, it required long persuasion and promise of protection before she would reveal where the money was hidden. At last, she pointed to the spot, and the sum of thirty dollars was dug up, the miserable amount for which a female demon had launched a human being into eternity.

The investigation was continued; the woman was placed in custody, and the pond, about a quarter of a mile wide, was dragged with grappling irons in every direction, yet no body was discovered. The next day, the search went on with like success, and at length, when all other efforts seemed useless, it was suggested that the pond might be drained dry, and by this process, the body must inevitably come to light. This plan (after some further search, in which the pole mentioned by the child was found stained with blood, and with some remnants of apparel attached to it,) was adopted by the authorities, and a sluice was dug to let the water off down the hill side. The operation occupied some time, and when at length a vent was opened, the impetuous rush of water swept away nearly the whole bank of the pond upon the hill side, letting off the flood at one bound, followed by a mass of pitch, black mud, dead logs, fresh water turtles, catfish, paddocks, eels, water snakes, and all the strange tenants of the pool. Still the body did not appear, and after a thorough examination of the black bottom of the pond, vague suspicions of some other kind of roguery began to be entertained by the crowd. The child was again examined, the pond again scraped, and the "intervale," over which the dark sediment and filth of the pond now lay a foot deep, was carefully inspected in all directions, and still the dreadful mystery was not unravelled.

The evidence of the child, the knife, the pole, the money, the blood, the woman's heartless and horrid human butchery that had been perpetrated, and the fruitless search after the body, seemed to add new terror to the excitement. Who was the unfortunate stranger? Evidently some traveller from a distance, for nobody in the neighborhood was missed. Why could not the body be found? Ten thousand conjectures flew around, each of which added to the perplexing mystery. A strange uncertainty forced itself upon the minds of the people. By all appearances, it appeared certain that a murdered man had never been thrown into the pond at all; yet that the bloody deed had been perpetrated was, from the evidence, conclusively established.

Thus the affair continued, enveloped in darkness and all hope was abandoned of discovering the body. The woman could not be convicted upon the evidence of the child, and that evidence itself could not be sustained without finding the body. So while every person was satisfied of her guilt, it was clear nothing but her own confession would ever bring the murderess within the power of the law. She, with unflinching obstinacy, continued to deny all knowledge of the murder. At length she was actually released from confinement, no possibility appearing of ever being able to secure her conviction.

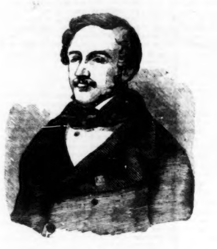
A few months passed on, and the "intervale" upon which the pond had been emptied and which before had been almost worthless, now grew to be a flourishing piece of land, and people would remark that the draining of the big pond proved a good thing to the tavern keeper, who owned the land below.

Now for the development of this mysterious tragedy. A quarrel occurred between the heroine of this story and the inn-keeper, of the "intervale." In her exasperation, she came forward and threw a blaze of light upon the blood-chilling mystery, which at once opened all eyes with astonishment. A scheme was laid open, the cunningly devised wheels of which could never have been set in motion but by a genuine bred and born, and thoroughly educated, son of Yankee land. The tavern keeper wanted his land improved;—he wanted the pond turned on to it, and soon hit upon a plan to have the job done free of expense. He laid awake three nights, matured his plan, contracted with the poor woman for fifty dollars, to put it in operation, and she, with the assistance of a consummately artful child, carried it out. She killed a pig, smeared a knife and pole, taught her child the story to tell, and acted out the game in a manner worthy the best living representative of Lady Macbeth. The tavern keeper had furnished the thirty dollars of the murdered man's money, but when his object was gained, he refused to pay the fifty, not caring a pin whether the woman would expose his plan or not. This led to a grand development, and thus our thrilling narrative of "A Hampshire Mystery," gentle reader, turns out to be neither more nor less than a super-excellent and surpassingly executed "Yankee trick."

THE LUXURY OF SLEDGING.—A Greenlander was driving a merchant in a sledge across the sea upon the ice, when a sudden storm arose and broke the ice to pieces. In such cases the Greenlanders abandon the sledge and save their lives by leaping from one piece of ice to another; but as the European merchant could not jump in this way, the driver coolly said to him, "You are not to be saved, but you have pencil and paper in your book, tear a piece off, (saying this he stooped down,) write here upon my back that you are drowned; otherwise your people might think I had killed you." The merchant had, of course, no inclination to write or be drowned, and begged of him for God's sake not to forsake him. "Very well," said the Greenlander, "if you die I can do likewise." He accordingly stayed and saved him. Afterwards he often joked him upon the adventure, saying to him, "You would not write—you were afraid. That was droll!"

☞ A physician, one day, delighted with the docility of a patient, in swallowing all the prescribed remedies, said to him, in a fit of professional enthusiasm, "Ah, my friend, you deserve to be ill."

Our Portrait Gallery.



DONIZETTI, THE COMPOSER.

Gaetano Donizetti was born at Bergamo, in 1798. He was destined by his father for the study of law, but, having devoted himself to painting, there was a compromise made by his following a musical career. He became a student under the celebrated Simon Mayer, and then at the Bologna Conservatory of Mattei, the successor of Martini. Donizetti studied for nearly three years at this institute. His first essay in dramatic composition was an opera called "Enrico di Borgoyna," produced at Venice, in 1818, supported by Madame Catalani.

Donizetti was married but once. His wife, Virginia Vaselli, the daughter of an advocate at Rome, died in Naples, in 1835, of the cholera. He succeeded Zingarelli in the direction of the Conservatoire at Naples; and was also appointed, after Lerida, chapel-master to the Imperial Court of Vienna. He has composed, in addition to operas, some cantatas, and various detatched vocal pieces for the chamber and for albums, masses and vespers, a "Miserere" for Vienna, some quartettes for two violins, tenor and violincello, divers overtures, variations for the piano forte, a Monody for the death of Malibran, &c. Donizetti was an excellent poet, and took especial pains with his own *libretti*, some of which he wrote himself. In rapidity of composition he rivalled Rossini. He has been known to carry on an animated conversation on politics, whilst some person was playing over a piece of music, and to the amazement of the player, would tell him at the end all the faults or the beauties of the composition.

He has been known to score an opera in twenty-four hours, a period scarcely sufficient for the mere manual labor of writing down the notes. He fell into the hands of Barbaja, the sordid operatic speculator, who made him write very many operas in one year, paying him barely the necessaries of life for his tremendous labors.

A critic and contemporary of acknowledged acumen, writes as follows:—"It is four years since we offered a character of Gaetano Donizetti as a musical composer. Shortly after that time, the *maestro's* habits of incessant manufacture, in conjunction with the wear and tear of a life of excessive indulgence, told upon his constitution in the saddest mortal form,—memory, perception and intellect having taken flight. From this melancholy state he was released by death at his native city, Bergamo, to which place he had been recently removed from Paris. Donizetti was three years older than the century. The number of his operas is past reckoning, but the following is all that keep the stage here and in Paris:—'Anna Bolena,' 'Lucia,' 'Marino Faliero,' 'Parisina,' 'La Favorite,' 'Maria di Rohan,' 'Linda di Chamouny,' 'Gemma di Vergy,' 'La Fille du Regiment,' 'L'Elisir d'Amore,' 'Don Pasquale,' (his last work) and 'Betly.' He was called upon to write in turn for Pasta and Grisi, for Duprez, Rubini and Lablache, (no opera by him that we recollect containing a great *contralto* part;) and it ought to stand for praise that all the operas thus produced have proved strong enough to remain in request apart from the particular artiste for whose express exhibition they were calculated." In short, though Donizetti's death can only be recorded as a welcome release, his withdrawal from active life made a serious void in Italian opera which no one has as yet filled.

Original Novelette.

HENRY BENSON;

OR,

The Events of Twenty-Four Hours.

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ROBERT PHIPPS.

He found the servant, William, still keeping his station, though in evident trepidation of spirit: his hand shook, and his voice trembled as he addressed Benson.

"He's coming to, sir," he said, "I heard him sigh just now, and he moaned a little. There, sir," and he retreated a step or two in fear of the reviving ruffian, "he's opening his eyes now!"

"So much the better:" returned Benson, "he's just in time, for here are the watchmen."

As he spoke, two of the guardians of the night, led by John, gained the landing-place and approached the group.

"Well, master!" said the foremost, "wot's this here?—wot's in the wind?"

"Here is a fellow," answered Benson, "whom we must give into your charge. He got admission by some means known only to himself, and I found him with a dagger in his hand by the bedside of the owner of this house. He was just on the point of using it upon him, when I caught his hand."

"The d—— you did!" said the watchman. "A scragging matter, by jingo!—come, where is he? Hollos, there, wake up, old fellow, you're wanted," he added, addressing the still sitting form of the ruffian, and seizing his collar.

The villain, hardly recovered from the stunning effect of the blow which he had received, opened his eyes, and gazed for a moment with a vacant stare upon those around him. Then, as recollection seemed to return, he uttered a dreadful curse, and, bound as he was, jumped upon his feet and made the most violent efforts to free his hands.

"Quiet, there, quiet, now," cried the watchman, as if addressing a horse, "quiet—or I'll give you a wipe 'cross the noddle with this 'ere," and he produced a kind of slung-shot, which he carried in his pocket.

The sight of this weapon had an instant and sedative effect. The villain merely growled forth another horrible imprecation, and then yielded unresistingly to the will of his captors.

"You must come with us, master," the watchman added, "and give your charge agin him to the cap'n of the watch."

Benson signified his assent, and after directing the butler to send instantly for Dr. Weston, followed the watchmen and their prisoner to the police station.

The fellow was a sullen, truculent, burly-looking savage; he had apparently resigned all hope of escape, and went along quietly enough with the two men, who each held him tightly by the collar; his arms were still bound, and he made no attempt at speech. They soon reached the station, and found it occupied not only by the captain of the watch, but also by several of the police, who were standing round a table, upon which lay extended the body of a young and well dressed man. It was as motionless as if life had fled, and the blood was flowing profusely from a severe cut near the right temple. Apart from the rest, were two other men, evidently watchmen also; one of these was apparently weak and faint—he leaned against the wall for support, while his companion was busied binding a handkerchief tightly round his right arm near the shoulder.

Benson and his party were almost instantly followed by a young, gentlemanly-looking man, who entered hastily, and glancing around, walked immediately to the table and examined the state of the wounded man. He was a surgeon, living in the neighborhood, who having met the watchmen as they were bearing their insensible load to the station, had hurried home for his instruments. While preparing to staunch the blood, he shook his head with a grave and troubled look, and declared that if the victim recovered at all, he feared it would be only as a hopeless maniac."

"Ha! Charley!" said the captain of the watch to one of those who stood near, distinguished by his pale and agitated countenance, "you struck too hard, you should be more careful with your club."

"Why, cap'n! what could a fellow do!" answered the other, "he'd already fired and hit Jack Onslow, and he was a-pulling out another barker on me. I 'adn't no time to think."

"That's true, too, but what did you chase him for?"

"Why, as I war awalkin' along on my beat in Portman Square, I heered a shouting of murder, and screams from a house hard by, and as I was a runnin' there, I see this feller jump from the steps and cut away like mad—I hollar'd arter him to stop, but on he run, and I arter him, springing my rattle all the way. At last Jack Onslow meets him and tries to grab him, but he dodged here and there till he see me a-comin' up, when he out with his barker and let Jack have it; by that time I was close on him, and he was just a-goin' to sarve me out, too, when I clips him down."

"Well," said the captain, "according to your story, you couldn't well do otherwise. I wonder who he is. He's dressed like a gentleman, but he must be a desperate bad one."

Henry Benson, like all the others, had listened with deep attention to the foregoing conversation, and now instigated by curiosity, mingled with a fearful foreboding of the truth, he advanced nearer to the table, and gazing upon the face of the wounded man, exclaimed:

"Good God!—I feared this!—Mr. Prantley!"

"So; you know the gentleman, sir?" said the captain to him.

"Yes, I know him. That is, I know his name is Prantley. Ask this man," pointing to the ruffian, "whether he knows him."

"You hear, you fellow, what the gentleman asks?"

"Yes, I hear;" he answered, in a dogged, sullen tone, "but wot good will it do me to tell him?"

"Hallo!" cried one of the police, approaching him, "I know that voice. Dick Turnbull, by all that's bad! Why, Dick, man, you're come back from your travels afore you was wanted. Cap'n, this fellow was *lagged* only last year, he was a *lifer*!"

Dick Turnbull started upon this unwelcome recognition, but uttered not a word.

"Transported, was he!" repeated the captain, "and for life too! But what is he brought here for now?"

"On'y for trying to slit a gen'leman's weasand," answered one of those who still held him. "This gen'leman knows all about it."

The captain turned to Henry Benson, who related to him as briefly as possible, the facts with which the reader is already acquainted. The rascal listened to the recital with downcast but unmoved countenance, till Benson came to that part in which he told of his own peril, and of the fellow's attempt to murder him also, and then there was a villainous leer in his features, which seemed to say with Caliban, "Ho, ho, would that I had done it!" When the tale was finished, he raised his head, looked round with an air of sullen defiance, and addressed the captain:

"Well, I'm blowed, I see: it's all over with me, but blast my eyes, I won't swing alone. Yes, I know that chap there;" nodding to the table, "he and another—he'll swing, too, d—d him—got me into this scrape. They promised me a hundred shiners for the job, and that one smuggled me into the house last night."

"The villain!" cried the captain. "But this is above my mark. We must take care of these fellows. Then he was waiting for you on the steps, I suppose."

"To be sure! he wanted to get the first notice when the job was done; but he's got his own fairin now, blast him!"

"And a pretty kettle of fish you have made of it!" said the captain. "How is he now, sir," he continued, addressing the surgeon, as the latter turned from Prantley to the wounded watchman.

"Bad enough! He is alive, that is all that I can say. Now let me see the other."

While the surgeon was engaged with the other sufferer, Benson took the captain aside, and after a short conversation obtained his consent to his departure, promising to hold himself in readiness for the first summons in the morning.

With a heavy heart, he wended his way back to Mr. Ralston's. "And thus it ends!" he thought. "The wily profligate, the scornful scoffer at God's watchful Providence, is himself too sure an evidence of the truth he spurned. May God have mercy upon him! I cannot bear to think of his dreadful fate! Poor Mr. Ralston! I believe he really loved that young man; and how has his love been returned! His life twice aimed at in one day—for this last act is proof of the first—by him upon whom he has heaped benefits innumerable. How will he bear it! 'Tis evident he already suspects the truth; he thought that the murderer was Prantley himself. How shall I tell him that he is yonder, the victim of his own villainy; caught in his own snare! That for him, the only alternative left, is the life of a hopeless maniac, or a sudden and violent death in the midst of atrocious and unrepented sins! 'Tis too horrible! and if he survive this blow—if the surgeon's opinion be not verified—he too surely becomes the victim of the laws which he has outraged. Better so—for the God of mercy may yet touch his stony heart. God grant it! God grant it."

The servant William was awaiting his arrival at Mr. Ralston's door, and Benson immediately perceived that he had not entirely mastered his late terrors. He begged him in trembling tones to wait while he fastened the door; and in their progress up the stairway, he kept close to his side, as if for protection against a new assailant, who, he seemed to fear, might spring upon him from some hidden corner. At the head of the stairs they encountered Dr. Weston, he had just left the old gentleman.

"I am glad to meet you, sir," said the doctor, in a low and guarded tone, "for my curiosity is strongly excited—and I can get no accurate information from the servants concerning this new danger, which has had so strange an effect upon my patient. May I beg you to accompany me into the parlor."

"With pleasure," answered Benson, as he turned to descend, "but first tell me, doctor, what you think of Mr. Ralston; is he in any danger?"

"I trust not. This new shock has increased his fever, and I was obliged to bleed him, and administer another opiate. I hope, however, that sleep will restore his strength, and that he will wake more calm and composed. Now, my dear sir," he added, as he closed the parlor door, "I long to have the light thrown upon these hideous mysteries; let me hear the news."

Benson again patiently detailed to his wondering listener, the whole of the late events, not forgetting the confirmation of Prantley's guilt, which he had learned at the station.

"Good God! how terrible!" exclaimed the kind-hearted physician, "who could have suspected this? I saw that the young fellow had wormed himself into my old friend Ralston's confidence, and I feared unworthily. I looked upon him as a fawning sycophant, and always disliked him. But this hardened villiany, this base ingratitude is too dreadful. Depend upon it, there is something behind the curtain with which we are yet unacquainted; something that has made him desperate. He knew that the old gentleman had made his will, and that he was remembered in it. Oh! this wealth! this wealth! so coveted and so prized! How often does it prove a curse to him who hath it! Twice within four-and-twenty hours has it placed in jeopardy the life of this good old man. But you, my young friend—for so you must let me call you—have indeed acted nobly and bravely. Let it be your joy to know that you have saved no ordinary man. Mr. Ralston is rich, but he loves not his wealth for its own sake; he looks upon it only as the means of making others happy. His death would have been a bitter loss to many a poor family. You, of course, remain here?"

"Yes, sir," answered Benson, "I promised Mr Ralston that I would return to him as quickly as possible. I fear he is even now expecting me."

"Not so. The opiate had taken effect before I left him; he sleeps and will not wake till seven or eight in the morning. Mrs. Hays is with him. Take my advice and follow his example. You need rest, I see; go to your bed and sleep. I will be here again before Mr. Ralston wakes. I wish you sound sleep for the few remaining hours of the night."

So saying, Dr. Weston took his departure, and Benson, first inquiring of the butler if the house had been thoroughly searched, and being answered in the affirmative, retired to his own room, and after a short though heartfelt thanksgiving for his late rescue from imminent peril, threw himself upon a couch, and notwithstanding the busy thoughts that chased each other through his brain, was soon buried in a sound and refreshing sleep.

CHAPTER VII.

The seventh hour of the new day had struck, and our friend Benson still slept. He was at length awakened by the knocker of the street door, and hastily rising from his couch, prepared to meet the doctor, who, he doubted not had just arrived. It was even so, and after a few minutes' conversation, the two proceeded together to Mr. Ralston's apartment. To their surprise they found the old gentleman awake, and partly dressed.

"Thanks, my good friends," he said, with a voice that sounded almost cheerful, "thanks for your early visit. Don't scold, doctor. I could not remain cooped up in yonder bed any longer, neither do I think there was any necessity for it."

Dr. Weston did not answer till he had felt his patient's pulse.

"Pretty well, is it not, Weston?" resumed Ralston, "considering the fright of last night?"

"I am surprised," answered the doctor, "that it is so regular. A few hours' sleep has wrought wonders. I congratulate you, my old friend, but you must still be careful. No new shocks, no yielding to passionate emotions, or nervous affections. You must keep the body quiet, and the mind also."

"My friend!" Mr. Ralston returned in a serious, almost solemn tone, "I have sought for strength where alone it can be found, and I trust have gained it." Then after a short pause he added, "Good Mrs. Hays was my nurse till morning, and when I had a long talk, she told me that Charles Prantley had been here again late last night. I am perfectly conscious of what occurred during the night, and I can anticipate the rest, though my heart shudders while I do so. The man who stood by my bedside, and who had so nearly murdered not only me, but him also (extending his hand affectionately to Benson) to whom I owe my life twice rescued, was the mere agent of another. Is it not so? I see by your looks I am right. Tell me all, tell me all; I can bear it now."

Dr. Weston and Benson looked at each other in doubt what answer to give, but after a moment or two the former spoke.

"I see no good that can arise from further concealment," he said. "In such cases anxiety and uncertainty are always worse than reality. I have dependence upon your manly spirit and your Christian fortitude, my old friend. Listen then and prepare to hear what will deeply shock you, but to which you must yield no mastery. Are you prepared? Shall I go on?"

"Yes, yes. God strengthen me! Go on, go on."

The doctor made a brief and accurate statement of all that he had heard from Benson, and then added—"Before coming hither this morning I went to the police station, and there learned that young Prantley had been taken to the hospital. I then called upon the surgeon who dressed his wound. He stated that he had little or no hope of the wounded man's recovery that he may perhaps regain consciousness and survive for a few days, but that it seems next to an impossibility that he can live long enough to undergo his trial."

Mr. Ralston had listened to the detail with downcast eyes and with a visible tremor of his whole frame, and when the physician ceased to speak, he leaned his head upon his clasped hands and sobbed aloud.

Dr. Weston signed to his companion not to interrupt the old man's grief. "Better so," he whispered, "let him weep. Nature will have her course. He will be better after yielding to the dictates of his kind old heart."

The doctor was right. After the lapse of a few minutes Mr. Ralston raised his head. "May God have mercy upon him, and forgive him!" he prayed. "We are weak and erring creatures. What can have prompted him to such an act? Perhaps I was too harsh in refusing to see him yesterday."

"No, my dear sir," replied the doctor, "you would have greatly erred had you seen him. This last act of his fully proves that your first conviction was correct. He is a dark, unhesitating, determined villain. You were weak enough, pardon me, to tell him that he would inherit a large portion of your property, and this has led him to plot your death. He is not worthy of a second thought. You must give him up at once and forever."

"Nay, nay, doctor," said the old man, "you mean not what you say. You surely would not have a fellow being rush into the presence of his Creator burdened with a load of unrepented sin?"

"No, sir; God forbid! could aught be done or hoped. But in this case I see not the slightest foundation for hope. The poor ignorant, benighted creatures, who so often fall victims to the severity of our laws,—the outcasts of society, who were born and bred, and have lived with those whose whole life is one continuous sin, who have never known what virtue is, who have never heard the voice of instruction, or listened to the warnings of God's Holy Word,—if these, when death is staring them in the face, when their days are numbered, and their very moments counted till the last fatal gasp,—if these at such a time, listening to the voice of religion which speaks to them in its first warnings, turn from their offended God, and seek and pray in all sincerity for pardon, we are taught to hope and to believe that such seeking and such prayer are not in vain. But for a reckless, hardened villain, who has been familiar through his whole life with God's Holy Word, but who has read it only to scoff, and has listened to it only to sneer, who has wilfully turned from the right and preferred the wrong—for such a man what can be hoped? Can a few hours, a few days of wailing penitence wrung from him by the coward fear of approaching death cancel a whole life of wilful sin and crime?"

"But you know not this," eagerly returned Mr. Ralston. "You cannot know that such has been the case with this unhappy creature. You have known him no longer than I, only for a few months, and during that time his outward conduct at least has been moral and unobjectionable."

"Yes," said Dr. Weston, "in your presence and under your eye, I doubt it not. But you forget his duplicity and his lying in the case of our young friend here. And you know not that he attempted to immure him in a common jail that he might the better hide his own villainy from your knowledge."

"How! how! what mean you? I have heard nothing of this."

"No, you have not heard it, because this young man, with the true delicacy of a generous mind, concealed the bitter wrong he had endured, lest he might further incense you against the villain who had wronged him.—Now, Mr. Benson, tell our friend the agreeable surprise that awaited your return home yesterday; it will do good, for it will give him another cause for thankfulness for his own escape from so unscrupulous a wretch."

Henry Benson did as he was desired: he indulged in no invectives, no exaggerations, but gave a plain statement of the facts.

"And this?" said Mr Ralston, nearly overwhelmed by indignant surprise, "this is the man whom I have regarded almost as a son.—Fool that I was! I should have known him better. But yet, and I am sure I have your concurrence, my young friend, we cannot desert him at this moment. Doctor! we must do our part as Christians, if the Almighty spare him. We may yet aid him, not to escape the hands of justice, but to save his immortal soul; we can point him to his Saviour, and as we, his sinful fellow mortals can forgive and pray for him, so we may also teach him to pray to his offended God for mercy and for pardon."

"With all my heart!" the doctor responded. "God grant that it may be so. At present, however, we have other things to think of. You, old friend, must spare yourself; and Henry Benson is, I doubt not, anxious to see his family. But the body must not be allowed to rob the mind, and one of my senses tells me that Mrs Hays has not forgotten us. Our young friend must breakfast before he goes home."

"Home!" exclaimed Mr. Ralston, "he is at home now. Do you think that he and I can ever live apart. No, doctor, no, we part no more,—we are bound together by ties that no mortal hand may break. He shall be to me as a son, and I will be to him a father; whither he goeth I will go, and where he lodgeth I will lodge, his people shall be my people, and his God, my God!"

Henry Benson was affected almost to tears, he could not speak, but he seized with grateful warmth the hand that was affectionately extended to him: even Dr. Weston was obliged to turn for a moment to the window before he could trust his voice.

"Well, my good friend," he at last said, "this is all very well, and I feel there is here no fear of a second disappointment: no fawning sycophancy, but a sound, good heart, and a manly spirit withal. But you must remember, he is not a freeman: there is a certain lady, who has a voice all potential in his disposal."

"And don't I remember it?" exclaimed Mr. Ralston, his face beaming with delight, "do you think I can forget that my poor house shall be blessed with the presence of an angel! (for I am sure she is one) and her little cherub!—ah, the little rogue, what romps we will have. No, no, doctor! After breakfast, Henry and I will go for them in the carriage."

"Nay, old friend," answered the doctor, "that will be scarcely judicious. Remember that you will probably be summoned to give your testimony at Bow Street, and this will be fatigue enough for one day. And even if you escape this, our friend Benson, here, will have much to impart to his wife; and a third person, you know—"

"True. I forgot, doctor. You are right. Much as I desire to see Mrs. Benson, I will wait till he brings her. Now, my young friend, you see I cannot plead my cause in person, I must therefore depute you to plead it for me. You must tell your good wife how desolate I am in this large house;—you must tell her how unfortunate I have been,—that with all my love of domestic life and domestic enjoyment, I am no better than an isolated old man, with no one to make home happy, no smiling face to welcome me, no endearing tie to bind me;—you must beg her to take pity upon me, to give me the affection of a child. Will you do this? Will you promise this?"

"Most willingly do I promise, my dear benefactor!" returned Benson, while a tear of grateful emotion started to his eye, "and most surely do I know that my wife will consider it her dearest privilege to devote herself to the comfort of him, who has saved her and hers from the abyss of want."

"Say no more, Henry, say no more," answered the old gentleman, "you and yours can never be in my debt. God willing, affection and not obligation shall henceforth be the tie between us. Now for breakfast—though it is two hours before my usual time, I think I can do justice to it. Give me your arm, Henry. Now, Weston, you shall see I am getting young again."

"I am glad of it, old friend. May yours be the lot of [*]Æson, without his bleeding."

"Nay; I object to that and the preliminary process also," answered Mr. Ralston, as they descended the stairs.

Surprised and delighted were the old servants (those of Mr. Ralston were all veterans) to see their loved master at this unwonted hour. They had all assembled in the hall, and many and sincere were their congratulations upon his escape, while they seemed to regard Henry Benson as something more than mortal.

"Right, my friends, right!" said Mr. Ralston, observing their looks directed toward his preserver, "look upon him and know him henceforward as my son. But for him, your last duty to me would have been to accompany my lifeless body to its resting place, the grave. He and I part no more—give him your welcome, John, and the rest—ay! and you, too, old woman," he added, as Mrs Hays made her appearance, "I thought you were in your bed, and you have no business out of it."

"No, sir," she replied, "I couldn't sleep if I was there,—this morning of all others. God bless you, sir, and God bless the young gentleman, too."

"God bless him! God bless him!" was reiterated by all the others. "Ay! God bless him with all my heart," added John. "He's another guess sort of person from—"

"Right, John, right again!" interrupted Mr. Ralston. "Now, my friends, we must to breakfast. We'll make a holiday by and bye, remember,—for my daughter and my grandchild are coming home to-day. Timothy, you must have the carriage ready directly to go for them."

The servants stared at each other in bewildered astonishment. "Mrs. Hays, you needn't look so forlorn," continued the old gentleman, as they moved toward the breakfast-room, "she won't take the keys from you, I'll be bound; she'll soon find they are in excellent hands."

"I see, I see," answered Mrs. Hays, "it's Mrs. Benson your honor means. Well, God bless her, too, if she is only like her husband, —and the little one, too! it'll make the house alive again. We'll get all ready for them, sir."

"To be sure, to be sure, my good old woman. We shall all be young again, you and I and all of us, for we have grown old together, I think. Now to business."

"Well," said Dr. Weston, as the door was closed after them, "this does one's heart good. This is like the good old times of good old England, when servants looked upon themselves and were looked upon as permanent fixtures, part and portion of the family. I love to see it—it does honor both to master and to servant. And you, too, friend Henry, you must teach me that gift of fascination, by which you seem to charm both old and young."

"Ha, ha, ha! excellent!" exclaimed the old gentleman; "do, Henry!—teach it him, and see how comical his old, weather-beaten face will look in the rehearsal!—faith! if you can succeed, it will be a general benefit, for his confounded doses require something to make them palatable. He is an old bachelor, too, though he has had his left eye upon a certain fair spinster for many long, long years; and by and bye, when he sees the comfort of our household, he'll pine to death if he can't emulate us."

"Nay, nay, old friend," returned the doctor, "be merciful, and remember there is plenty here before us palatable enough, without any extraneous aid. Come, sit down, sit down—time presses."

The morning meal was partaken with glad and thankful spirits. Mr. Ralston, though his mind now and then dwelt with compassion upon the fate of the unhappy man who had fallen a victim to his own profligacy, and upon the possibility of rescuing him from its more dreadful results, yet experienced sensations of happiness, to which he had long been a stranger. Charles Prantley had been his favorite, not made so by any merit of his own, but by long cherished feelings, which even sad experience had not been able to eradicate, but the young man now opposite to him, was one to whom he owed his life twice saved; his demeanor had been throughout that of a modest and retiring, though manly and noble nature, and it was to Mr. Ralston a pure delight to think that he could by his almost unbounded wealth rescue such a man from the mortifications and the miseries of undeserved poverty. Henry Benson, on his part, seemed to himself as if yet bewildered by the mysteries of a dream. He could scarcely realize that a few passing hours could so change his future views and hopes, and he longed to fly to his wife and communicate the glad tidings. As for Dr. Weston, his heart rejoiced that his old friend had escaped from the toils of one whom he had always regarded with involuntary aversion, and that an apparently well-deserving man had been his rescuer, and would probably be his future friend and companion.

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The meal was at an end, and at the very moment when they were rising from the table, William announced that the carriage was at the door, and that a person who stated himself to be a policeman, was inquiring for Mr. Benson.

"Ask him to walk in here," said Mr. Ralston, "his message concerns us all, I suppose."

The man was accordingly ushered in; he said that he had been sent by the captain of the watch to remind Mr. Benson of his promise to attend the magisterial investigation that would shortly take place, and he added that if he would do so voluntarily, it would save time and trouble to all parties.

"Certainly," said Benson; "I will go immediately, if necessary. When and where shall I attend?"

"At Bow Street, your honor, at nine o'clock; and if that gen'leman will go, too, which I suppose was the old gen'leman as was attacked, it'll be all the better."

"Meaning me!" Mr. Ralston answered, "certainly, I will accompany my young friend, though it is an unpleasant business."

"Very, your honor, but it might ha' been much worser."

"True, my friend, true; and that it was not so, is owing, under Providence, to this gentleman's courage. Tell me, were you one of those engaged in last night's work."

"Yes, your honor: I was one on 'em that fetched Dick out o' this house to the station. Ah! he's a ram 'un, your honor, is Dick."

"Well, he will get his deserts now; But how many of you were engaged in taking this Dick and—the other one, the wounded man, away?"

"Six, your honor, in all, and—"

"Well, there are six guineas for you—one apiece; we will follow you to the office."

"Thanks, your honor," said the man, grinning and bowing, and clinking the coins together, "very gin'rous—and, really, if it wasn't a leetle unagreeable to your honor, Bill Stokes and me and the rest on us, 'ould be glad o' sich a job every night."

"Ah, indeed!" answered Mr. Ralston, smiling in spite of himself, "I dare say you would, but, for my part, I beg to be excused. Stop, though, there was one of your companions wounded; is he much hurt?"

"Nothing to speak on, your honor, on'y a flesh wound."

"Tell him I shall be glad to see him as soon as he can call here. Now, good morning."

"Good morning, gen'lemen," said the fellow as he walked out, "ah,—if every one was as gin'rous, there'd be some fun in sich a strimmage—but as it's gin'rally monkey's 'lowance,—more kicks than ha'pence."

The three gentlemen now prepared themselves for the morning's business. Dr. Weston's professional duties prevented the possibility of his accompanying his friends to the office. "I am sorry for it, too," he said, in reply to Mr. Ralston's invitation, "for I like to view humanity in all its thousand phases, and this ruffian, the biter bit, must be a good subject."

"You must promise us, however, doctor, to return to dinner. I want to present you to the mistress of my house; it may be a temptation to induce you to get one for yours."

"Ah! you are hard upon me, but I tell you this: when I do, it shall not be by proxy—she shall be the mistress of the master as well as of the house."

"No doubt, no doubt:—you want one much; you bachelors are tricky fellows. But you must make haste about it—no time to spare, doctor."

"Well, good bye, good bye; I have not much time, certainly, to waste on such matters. Don't be offended, friend Henry, no man can escape his destiny. But, Ralston," he added, turning back, "you are going together in your carriage to the office—how is Mrs. Benson to come, pray?"

"Well thought of! but it is easily arranged. John shall go with us, and when the matter is over, he shall return with me in a hackney coach, and Henry shall take the carriage for his wife. Will that suit you, most careful counsellor?"

"Very well. See that you have a good dinner, for that, after all, is the main business. Till then, adieu."

So saying, he departed, and the two others entered the carriage that awaited them, and drove to Bow Street.

We pass over the minutiæ of the investigation; suffice it to say, that when Henry Benson was called upon for his testimony, he delivered it in so clear and eloquent, and withal so modest a manner, that it required all the authority of the magisterial bench to prevent the low murmur of approbation which ran through the whole audience, from deepening and swelling into a loud outbreak. This feeling of admiration was greatly enhanced when Mr. Ralston added his testimony, and recounted, with tears in his eyes, and in glowing terms, the presence of mind and the courage of his preserver; the magistrates themselves paid a high and well merited compliment to our young friend. The ruffian, Dick Turnbull, was fully committed to take his trial at the next assizes, and Mr. Ralston and Henry Benson were followed by the sympathizing looks and the earnest congratulations of the assembled crowd, as they made their way into the street. Here, according to their preconcerted plan, Benson, after seeing Mr. Ralston and old John into a hackney coach, jumped into the carriage, and was driven off by Timothy, who seemed to participate in his impatience, for he urged his horses to their speed, and in a very short space of time, pulled up before the temporary residence of Mrs. Benson. The thund'ring rat, tat, tat, of the delighted footman brought numerous faces to the windows of the adjacent houses, all curious to learn what could have produced the phenomenon of a handsome carriage in their usually quiet and fashion-avoided street.

Mrs. Williams, the landlady, opened the door, and her surprise was indeed great, when she saw her lodger Benson alight from the elegant vehicle. "Bless me, Mr. Benson, is this you!" she said, as if she doubted the evidence of her eyes, "who would have thought it! I am glad to see you again;—such a handsome carriage,—and liveries, too! Pray walk in, sir,—walk in—Mrs. Benson will be delighted to see you. Ah! here she is—bless me how handsome!"—she meant the carriage not the lady—Benson turned and caught his wife in his arms.

"Henry! I am so glad you have come home," she said, "I heard your name and I could not stop up stairs."

"Thanks, my love!" he answered, "your pleasure cannot exceed mine. But come up, come up stairs, or we shall have Emily trotting down, too. I hear her little feet already."

"But what," asked his wife, whose curiosity, it must be confessed, was almost as much excited as that of Mrs. Williams, "what is to be done with the carriage? Whose is it?—What does it wait for?"

"You shall know all immediately, only come up stairs: and you, too, Mrs. Williams, your kindness entitles you to our confidence. Walk up stairs—William," he said to the spruce footman, who touched his hat, "let the carriage wait a little,—I will keep you as short a time as possible." The ladies were already ascending the stairs, and Benson followed them. On the landing place, little Emily was impatiently expecting her father, and she threw herself into his arms as soon as she saw him, exclaiming,—

"Oh, papa! dear papa! I am so glad you've come back! You mustn't go away again."

"Not without you and mamma, my love! I come to take you away with me."

"To take us away!" repeated Mrs. Benson, "what can you mean? What has happened?"

"Nothing but good, at least to us. I have much to tell you; and yet, the events which I have to communicate are so strange, that they almost seem unreal even to me. To you, however, Amy, they will afford another exemplification of your cherished maxim, that the Lord is ever nigh to preserve those that fear Him. Sit then and listen, and I will give you a brief account of all that has happened since I left you yesterday."

Accordingly he recounted to his attentive listeners the startling occurrences which have already been laid before the reader, interrupted, however, by the frequent exclamations of the amazed landlady—"Well now!" "I declare!" "Dear me, dear me!"—and such like interjectional phrases were continually muttered by her in the more interesting parts of his detail. His wife, on the contrary, listened to him in mute and bewildered amazement; the deep interest which she felt was shown by her expressive features alone,—save only when her husband spoke of his own narrow escape from the murderer's knife, then indeed with clasped hands and pale lips she murmured in a low and tremulous tone, "My God! I thank Thee!"

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[*] According to the legend of the Ancients, Medea, the wife of Jason, restored Æson, her husband's father, to youth.

When Benson had concluded his narrative, and mentioned the warm kindness and affectionate invitation of his newly made friend to make his house their home, the loquacious Mrs. Williams could no longer restrain her tongue.

"There now!" she exclaimed, "bless me, who'd have thought it! And you're going to leave us!—and you'll be grand people now!—Well, I'm very glad and very sorry! Glad for you and Mrs. Benson and the little one, and sorry for myself:—we shall miss you, Williams and me; but you deserve it all—only I'm afraid you'll forget us poor folks. Yes, yes; it's the way of the world."

"But not our way, my dear madam!" said Benson, taking her hand and shaking it warmly, "we can never forget you, and your kind husband;—we should be ungrateful indeed if we did. You were friends to us when we were otherwise friendless and destitute. May God bless you for it! Forget you!—never."

"Well, well!" said the good lady, wiping a tear from her eye, "this is all very pleasant! but I must go and tell Williams;—he'll never forgive me if I don't. Are you going directly?"

"Yes, my good friend: I promised to take my wife and child back with me. Amy must make such preparation as the time allows, and leave the rest of her things with you if you will permit it."

"Surely, surely," Mrs. Williams answered, "but I must go and tell Williams."

"Tell him also," said Benson, "that I am coming down stairs immediately to see him."

"Do!—there's a good soul; but give me time to tell him first," and away she ran eager to communicate her news.

So powerful were the conflicting emotions which agitated the mind of Mrs. Benson, during the brief tale of her husband, that with the single exception above mentioned, she had sat silent and motionless as a statue, and, but for the rapid changes of her features, almost as lifeless. Even after its conclusion, she neither moved nor spoke; but with down cast eyes and hands closely clasped, she seemed buried in deep revery: even the timid approach of her little girl, alarmed and wondering at her mother's silence, failed to recall her abstracted thoughts, and it was not till her husband had drawn his chair close to hers, and placed his arm gently around her waist, that the charm was broken and her attention roused; then, turning and resting her hand and head upon her husband's shoulder, she yielded to the gushing feelings of her heart, and wept in silence there.

"Nay—what means this, dearest love!" said her husband, fondly parting the dark hair from her polished brow, "why these tears!—surely we, at least, have no cause for grief!"

"No—no;" Amy sobbed almost hysterically, "'tis not for that—but—I shall be better presently."

Her husband saw that she was right, and therefore did not again attempt to speak; but his mute endearments, aided by the gentle caresses of their child, soon restored her to her wonted calmness, and raising her head and smiling through her tears, she drew the little Emily upon her knee and kissed her repeatedly.

"Ah!" said her husband, "that is right, but you must not forget me, love, or I shall be jealous; I must claim my share—and now, tell me, what do you think of these events!—What was that profound and dream-like revery about?"

"Much—many things," she replied. "Wonder and admiration of God's unfailing Providence:—pride, I fear me too great pride of you, Henry:—thankfulness for our changed prospects, and gratitude, heartfelt gratitude for your escape from the murderer's dagger! Oh! Henry,—twice has your life been perilled within the last few hours!—had you perished, what should we have done? who would have comforted us?"

"God—the Almighty, in whom you have ever trusted," answered Benson, "must I in my turn become your teacher? But why dwell upon such a thought? All is well!"

"All is well indeed for us," returned his wife, "but that unhappy, infatuated man!—What can have tempted him to such crime? Henry;" she continued, looking at a small clock, "it is now just four-and-twenty hours since you returned home yesterday, sad, disappointed and desponding;—you had listened to the specious sophistry of this very man, and were almost distrustful of your Creator. You were then poor and friendless, he, rich and caressed,—and now how changed! His mean cunning, base treachery, and infamous ingratitude and crime, have all been frustrated, all punished:—and you, the intended victim of his seeming friendliness, are placed by his own acts in the very position which he occupied:—surely, if life and reason be granted him, surely he will now see and acknowledge that the directing providence of a just God is visible in all this!"

"God grant that he may!" responded her husband. "I at least will try to bring him to a sense of his awful condition:—but for us, dear Amy, we humbly acknowledge and will be grateful for God's goodness."

"I hope so, I sincerely hope so," she answered. "And you, little Emily, tell me,—do you remember what I said to you yesterday when you were reading the Bible?"

"Yes, mamma, I remember it all."

"Then, my love," said her father, "tell me what it was."

"Mamma told me that God is good, that every thing He does is good, and that good might come to you and all of us, though you were so sad yesterday."

"Very well answered!" said her mother, again kissing her, "and good has come to us from a good God."

"Oh, mamma! I am so glad!" cried the child, "and shall we go home to our nice, large house in the country?"

"No: darling;" said Benson, "but we are going to a much nicer and a much larger house, and to a good, kind old gentleman, who will dearly love my little girl, if she is good. Now, Amy," he continued, "we have already kept the carriage waiting a long time. Get ready as quickly as possible, and bathe those tell-tale eyes."

"Ah! Henry," she answered, "I am afraid to meet your Mr. Ralston. I may not please him, and—"

"Little fear of that," interrupted her husband, smiling cheerfully, "his kind old heart is overflowing with love and gratitude, and you would please him, were you far less good and amiable and lovely than you are."

"Oh! Henry! in your eyes I may be all this, but in his—"

"No doubt of it—not the slightest—so get ready."

"But stay—my preparations will be soon made, and I wish to go with you and bid good bye to dear Mrs. Williams and her husband."

"Very well! I will wait, and assist, too."

They were soon ready, and the happy family descended the stairs together. In the entry they were met by Williams and his wife:—the former was profuse and sincere in his congratulations.

"Take this, my kind friend," said Benson, after a short conversation, slipping a banknote into his hands, "and to-morrow I will see you again."

"Stop, stop, my good sir," cried the other, "this is at least five times as much as you owe me."

"Never mind, we'll settle it to-morrow. In the meanwhile, good-bye. May God bless you and yours."

"Amen!" responded Mrs. Benson, as she followed her husband's example, and shook the hand of Williams; Mrs. Williams kissed her and the little one. They were soon in the carriage, and were driven off, followed by the good wishes and the blessings of their landlord and his wife.

The ride was but short, and it was rendered still shorter by the pleasurable feelings which pervaded the breast of each one of the little family. Those of Benson and his wife were almost too intense to be spoken or analyzed, while Emily's were shown by the unceasing chatter, and her rapturous exclamations of delight, elicited by the different objects of interest that presented themselves to her wondering gaze.

At Mr. Ralston's door they were received and welcomed by the butler himself, who deemed it no derogation from his official dignity to open the carriage door with his own hands, and assist the inmates to descend. In the hall, Mr. Ralston, leaning on his walking cane, and surrounded by his household, was impatiently expecting their arrival.

"Welcome back, my son!" he exclaimed, as Henry, with his wife hanging on his arm, crossed the threshold, "welcome are you to me, and may God bless you and make you happy in your new home! And this is your wife. Lady, let an old man look upon your face. God bless you, my fair daughter! With this kiss," and he saluted her on her blushing cheek, "I give you welcome to my poor house. May it be to you a haven of earthly rest and happiness. And your little one! God bless you, too, my child! Henry, lift her to me that I may kiss her cherub mouth. The blessing of an old man rests upon you, my children," he added, with much emotion, "your presence gives me new-born strength and happiness. May yours equal mine. Mrs. Hays, and John, and the rest of you, my old and faithful servants,—these are my children and my grandchild: give them your welcome to their new home."

"May Heaven bless you, lady!" said Mrs. Hays, coming forward, while the others responded to their master's wishes by their mute but cheerful salutations—"you and yours. And if you add to our master's happiness, dear will you be indeed to our old eyes. Let me show you to your room, madam; all has been prepared for you. Ah! Mr. John, you've got the child I see;" the butler had already enticed her into his arms, "well, bring her with us, and let me see what the lady wants."

Amy, our own Amy, had been voiceless through this trying scene. The old man's gentle, fervent kindness,—the cheerful yet respectful greetings of his household to her who had of late been all unfriended and neglected, so touched her heart, that tears of grateful joy sprung unresisted to her eyes,—and ere she followed the invitation of Mrs. Hays, she turned with blushing brow, took Mr. Ralston's outstretched hand and said:—

"Let a wife and mother thank you for your great kindness, and let a new found daughter thus seal the pledge of her future love," and she kissed the lips of the surprised but delighted old man, and then hastily but gracefully followed the housekeeper's guidance to her room.

"Ah! Henry!" exclaimed Mr. Ralston, taking Benson's arm, "you are a richer man than I thought you; but hereafter we will share our wealth—and I, I think, shall be the gainer."

Dear reader! our tale is well nigh ended.—We have faithfully delineated the events of four-and-twenty hours, and traced the unexpected change in our hero's lot from poverty to wealth. We have seen the gentle patience of his wife under the threatening clouds of adversity, and did time permit, we might dwell with delight upon her after course in the sunshine of prosperity. We might see her shedding her pure influence upon all around;—the bright star of Mr. Ralston's home, the pride of her fond husband, the idolized of all within her sphere! But we must leave her and them in the enjoyment of domestic love and peace, and turn to a less grateful task,—the after fate of two others, whom the course of these events has brought before your notice.

The opinion of the surgeon was but too fully verified in the case of that unhappy wretch, Charles Frantley. He lingered for a few days, poised between life and death, senseless and almost motionless. Day after day was Henry Benson at his bed-side, watching with a prayerful and a throbbing heart for the slightest indication of returning sense, but in vain!—the immortal spirit passed from earth to the presence of its offended God, and "gave no sign."

On the morning after the attempted murder of Mr. Ralston, and at the very time when that good old man and Henry Benson were on their way to Bow Street, Tobias Pickings was seated in his dirty den of an office, like a lean spider in its webbed trap, poring over the contents of the morning paper.

"So!" he muttered in a low, harsh tone, "the drivelling idiots, the thick skulled, witless fools have fallen into their own snare!—Frantley stricken down and well nigh killed:—Turnbull caught and in jail! And where shall I be, if I linger here? He has confessed it, too—confessed his own and Frantley's guilt, and more than alluded to mine. The rascal has not named me though:—and yet he may have done so and the police conceal the fact! But no; had that been the case they would have been after me before this. At any rate, I have not a moment to lose;—they'll worm it out of him at Bow Street. I must be off at once. Let me think: here there is nothing that I care about. These papers will be a fine treat though to those that get them. Ah! I shall have the blessings of the godly on my head.

He seized his hat, locked the office door, and hastened up stairs. In a few minutes he had collected all his valuables and deposited them about his person, and in a traveling valise;—into the latter article he also stuffed a few clothes, and with it in his hand hurried away through many a narrow street and dirty lane into the vicinity of Lombard Street. Leaving his baggage in a small public house, he sauntered into one of the banks with a well assumed air of perfect composure, drew from it all his available funds, returned to the tavern, sent for a hackney coach, and jumping into it, desired the coachman to drive him rapidly to the Gravesend Boat.

"There is a ship at Gravesend," he said to himself, "bound to Jamaica. I may be in time for her. If so, good-bye to Old England and the gallows forever."

He was just in time for the departing boat: and on its passage down the river, there was not one of all its numerous passengers more composed, more urbane, more obliging than Tobias Pickings. On the steamer's arrival at Gravesend, the pleasant gentleman made immediate inquiries about the West India ship. She was pointed out to him, and the man of whom he inquired, remarked:—

"The cap'en has just got on board; she'll sail in less than half an hour, and she'll have a spanking fine breeze to take her through the Channel."

"Hem!" said Tobias, "I want to get on board that ship. She left me behind, though my goods are all stowed away in her hold.—Can you put me on board of her?"

"Why, master," answered the man, "that's not a very easy job; it's rough water, and the tide's dead agin us; but what'll you give?"

"Any thing in reason, for I must go."

"Well, we won't be hard on you, my mate and me will put you on board for two guineas."

"Done!" said Tobias, "here they are, and now get ready."

"Ay, ay, sir," and in a very few minutes, Tobias was again on the rough waves, straining his eyes in the direction of the vessel.—He saw that all was commotion on board, that they were weighing anchor, and that there was danger of his being left behind. He urged the boatmen to greater speed, but they could not obey, for they were already exerting every nerve. Gradually the distance was lessened between them, but the preparations on board kept equal pace. Sail after sail was set, and the vessel was in gentle motion ere the boat could reach her side.

The anxiety of our worthy had become most intense; in spite of the repeated cautions and even curses of the boatmen, he could scarce retain his seat, and at last as the boat's gunnel touched the ship's side, and while one of the watermen was busied with the rope that had just been thrown to him, Tobias stood up and tried to catch another that was apparently within reach of his grasp. At that moment the vessel lurched, Tobias lost his balance, and, with a shriek of thrilling agony, sunk headlong into the foaming waves. He was never seen again.

Clippings.

☞ The funniest article yet is a patent iron shirt, with percussion collars. The shirt never wears out, and by touching a spring, a new collar springs up, until a half-dozen are exhausted. A patent sheet-iron neckcloth accompanies it.

☞ "Although you count yourself a brighter fellow than I am, yet I can come round you," as the earth said to the sun.

☞ The "cheap" experiment of the London Daily News, says the Liverpool Mercury, has entailed a loss of £100,000 (!) on the proprietors.

☞ A country editor apprises his delinquent subscribers that he has appointed the *Sheriff* his agent, and has authorized him to give receipts and close accounts.

☞ A bill was introduced into the Kentucky Legislature, changing the name of Latanas Manassus Jefferson Branch Young, to Henry Young. A sensible change, that.

☞ Col. Doniphan, the hero of the Sacramento, is to be the grand marshal of the national jubilee of the temperance societies, on the 15th of May, at Cincinnati.

☞ I am much afraid that he who at the first sight treats me as a friend of twenty years, will at the end of twenty years treat me as a stranger, if I have some important service to ask of him.—*Rousseau.*

☞ Shocking Place.—The Valparaiso Neighbor records forty severe shocks of earthquake at that place, within sixteen months.

☞ Shovelling Gold.—A gentleman who sent out five dozen of shovels to California some time ago, realized $4,000 in gold dust therefor.

☞ Many may not have heard of the story of that Swabian soldier, who, on the eve of a battle, said—"Why are we carrying on war? Give me out my man from among the French, and I will soon make up matters with him."

☞ A Baptist Church, in Charlestown, has been turned into a dancing hall. That is as bad as the conduct of those who carry children to meeting; they make the church a *bawl* room.

United States
SATURDAY POST.
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.
Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1849.

REMOVAL.

Our subscribers will please take notice that we have removed the office of the Post, from No. 99 Chesnut Street, to No. 66 South Third Street, first house below the Girard Bank. Our office is in the *second* story, above that of the North American.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A. C. We cannot announce the premium without having the money in hand to insure that if the questions are solved, it will be forthcoming. As J. A. C. is an utter stranger to us, he will see the propriety of this.

D. D. D. We think the tale sent us is very fairly told, but it does not exactly suit our purposes. We have very little doubt that one of the magazines would publish it.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

As we are now out of the first two numbers of the Post printed this year, the earliest time we can commence any subscription is with the *third* number, that of January 20th. New subscribers wishing to begin at that time (Jan. 20,) will receive a Supplement containing the first two portions of "Henry Benson, or the Events of Twenty-Four Hours," *gratis.*

TO THE PUBLIC.

We perceive in some of the papers, and in other places, an advertisement of Mr. T. B. Peterson's—who is now the publisher of some of George Lippard's most objectionable productions—offering to club Mr. Lippard's works with the Saturday Evening Post. Without commenting upon the reasons why this is done, we may simply state to the public, what it is hardly necessary to say to our readers, that we are not responsible in the least for the doings of Mr. T. B. Peterson. We have no understanding with Mr. T. B. Peterson relative to any such clubs, neither are such clubs offered with our approbation or consent. Of course we cannot prevent Mr. T. B. Peterson, or any other man, from purchasing as many copies of the Post as he pleases, and clubbing them with the most immoral works he may have upon his shelves. All we can do is to proclaim our own freedom from any participation in such transactions.

CAMDEN AND AMBOY ROAD.

A Committee appointed by the Board of Directors of the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, to investigate the affairs of that Company in reference to certain charges made by Henry C. Carey, formerly of this city and now of Burlington, declare that they have made a thorough examination, and that no ground exists for Mr. Carey's charges.

The Committee in question were J. G. King, W. Pennington and C. Parker, gentlemen, as we understand, of the highest respectability, and fully competent to perform that most difficult of all labors, the detection of fraudulent entries in the books of an extensive concern.

We have never been disposed to believe in the truth of Mr. Carey's charges; but we must say that the report of the Committee will not have that full effect upon the public mind that the respectability of the Committee, under other circumstances, would entitle it to. For, as we are informed, the Committee were appointed by the very Board of Directors whose conduct was to be investigated: which of course deprives the report of the Committee of half the weight it otherwise would have.

If Mr. Carey's charges were important enough to require the notice of the Company at all, they were of sufficient importance to require what is commonly called a fair and impartial examination. The Board of Directors of the Company should have said to Mr. Carey: "Sir, you have put yourself at the head of that portion of the public which accuses us of embezzlement and frauds of various kinds. We are determined now that you shall either prove your charges, or consign yourself to merited contempt as a libeller, for base purposes, of men who have never injured you.—Now, choose you any man of good standing you please—we will choose another, and the two shall choose a third; we will go with you before that Committee, give you and the Committee free access to our books, and prove beyond denial that your charges are utterly groundless."

A favorable report from a Committee thus constituted, would have put the question at rest now and probably forever.

We perceive that a resolution is before the Legislature of New Jersey to appoint a Legislative Committee to examine into the affairs of the Company. What course the Company have taken relative to the proposition, we have not heard.—Their true policy is—if the charges against them are false—to court the investigation. A favorable Report from an able and honest Committee of the Legislature, would also settle the question.

THE SHAKERS.

We see it stated that a bill has passed one branch of the Legislature of New Hampshire, which, if enacted into a law, will utterly destroy a man's right to his own property from the moment he joins any society organized upon the plan of the Shakers, provided he has a family, and which provides against his bestowing his property upon the Society in advance. His property will pass into the hands of his wife, while he remains separated from her, though she cannot dispose of it; and if she joins the Society, it is placed in the hands of guardians for the use of the children, if there be any. Children cannot be indentured to Shakers without the consent of the Judge of Probate of the county, and a strong penalty is affixed to the Act of secreting children who may be demanded at their hands.

The above Act may appear at first view contrary to the great principle of religious toleration; but it evidently proceeds upon the supposition that a man who joins the Shakers is insane to a degree, and therefore not competent to the management of his property. If a man has no family, it does not appear that his disposal of his property would be interfered with.

BE CAREFUL.

The following paragraphs occur in rather curious proximity, in the "Waxed Ends" of a late number of that ably conducted paper, the "Lynn News." We do not suppose the editor *meant* any impertinent allusion to the "Postmaster General," but he should be careful how he *strings* his "waxed-ends" together:

The report of the Postmaster General contains a proposition which subjects him to much ridicule throughout the country; that is, the taxing of newspapers by weight, so as to prevent them from being deposited in the post office before they *become dry.*

It is a mark of a depraved mind to sneer at decrepid old age, *or to ridicule any one who is deformed in his person or lacketh understanding.*

CURIOUS STATEMENT.

According to a table presented to the Massachusetts Legislature, the average age of the persons who died during the last year in that State was 51.41 years. The average age of professional men was 49.87; merchants, 51.92; agriculturists, 65.11; public officers, 60.04; mechanics, 46.06; laborers, 43.47; seamen, 43.50; paupers, 65; females, 47.01. The curious part of this statement is that *paupers* live to almost as great an age as any portion of the population; only being exceeded by the agriculturists. We think there must be some mistake about this, either in the report itself, or in the newspaper statement from which we copy.

VERY LIKE A HOAX.

According to the New Orleans Courier, a French physician established at Vera Paz, has discovered a subterranean canal connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The account is very wonderful, but there will be plenty of time to publish it hereafter, if it turns out to be any thing else than a very stupid hoax.

HOMESTEAD EXEMPTION.

A bill to exempt the Homesteads of Insolvent Debtors from levy and sale where the "*clear yearly value*" of the property does not exceed three hundred dollars, has been introduced into the Senate of this State by Mr. Small.

PLAYING THE FOOL.

The fashionables and the would-be fashionables of New York, have been flourishing finely at a Fancy Ball, at the Opera House. The New York papers contain long accounts of those present, their dresses, &c. Fancy Balls are foolish enough, but they are useful on that very account, enabling the public to see at a glance who the sappier portion of the community are, and what particular complexion their folly wears. Out of the mass of the notices in the Gotham papers, we select a few as of more general interest than the others:

Mr. N. P. Willis appeared as *Monk of Camaldoli*, with a white cassock, having a large red cross on the breast. Sandals and a *gray wig* completed the costume, which was very *striking*.

It must have been not only particularly "*striking*," but particularly droll, to see the venerable Willis dressed up as a Monk. We suppose that as literature formerly had its Monk Lewis, it will now have its Monk Willis.

Miss Anna C. Lynch appeared as a Polonaise—*a dress of blue*, trimmed with dark fur, over a skirt of white satin; a square cap to match, and *blue boots*; and a sash around her waist.

Could not Miss Lynch forget she was a "blue" for a single evening? It will be perceived she wore "*blue boots*"—we suppose the color of the "*stockings*" was taken for granted.

Mrs. Clarke was present as a *debardeuse*. This was a rich dress of white satin, plain but elegant. The head dress was *a white wig, with black cocked hat*—a very jaunty and graceful costume.

"*Jaunty*" enough, in all conscience; but as for the "graceful"—the less said the better.

Mr. Burkhardt and Mr. J. F. Otis wore the costume of Parisian *ouvriers*—blue blouses and red pantaloons, with daggers in their belts and *liberty caps* on their heads.

Is the reporter certain they were *liberty caps*?

Mr. Hiram Fuller appeared as a Spanish *bandit*, in a doublet of maroon velvet and *pointed hat*.

Mr. Fuller is editor of the Mirror, we believe. How did it happen that he assumed a dress that, if he is to be credited, would be so befitting his sworn enemy, him of the Herald? We shall not put so much faith in Mr. Fuller after this. We shall always remember that "bandit" dress and "pointed hat."

Mr. Frazer, a nephew of the Earl of Lovatt, the Highland plaid. This gentleman wore his national costume very gracefully. He had a kilt of dark cloth, with scarlet plaid.

Mr. Frazer appears to have been the most sensible man on exhibition.

Two gentlemen in the costume of Arabs of Algiers attracted a great deal of attention. With their white *bornouses* and bronze countenances *they might have deceived* Abd-el-Kader himself.

Perhaps these were the two sons of Louis Philippe in disguise, for it is well known that the "citizen king" succeeded once in cruelly "*deceiving*" poor Abd-el-Kader, and they may have learnt the trick from their father.

Jo. Sykes, the correspondent of the *Commercial Advertiser*, in his own character, a sportsman equipped for hunting and fishing.

Ah, Jo! who would have thought to find you among such *game*. Perhaps you went though to "shoot folly as it flies."

Besides the above, there were furiously whiskered but very harmless looking bandits, rouged and pearled Shepherdesses, Hamlets (with the part of Hamlet omitted), too real Jockeys and Jackeys, holiday Soldiers, Sailors that smelt more of cologne than of tar, Nuns that were truly *nones*, &c., &c., in the greatest profusion.

THE BUTLER CASE.

Judge King, in the Court of Common Pleas, delivered the opinion of the Court in the case of Pierce vs. Frances Ann Butler (Fanny Kemble Butler.) The Court decided that the case should go before a jury, as Mrs. Butler desired—the point for the jury to decide being, whether the causes set forth by Mrs. Butler are sufficient to prevent a divorce being granted to her husband. The following important principles of law, which will rule the case, were laid down by Judge King. It will be seen that the objectionable ground taken by Mr. Dallas, as counsel for Mr. Butler, finds no support in our law:

1. That if there was an agreement of separation, the absenting herself by the wife could not be wilfully malicious, from the fact of its not being wilful, if by agreement and consent. Where there is a mutual arrangement, and it is clearly in evidence that each is in equal fault, neither can claim the benefit of the law in reference to desertion. Where there is an agreement of separation, the right of each party to remain absent continues until revocation and recall by the other. When that occurs, the agreement ceases, and the party continuing the absence will be guilty of desertion. In such case, however, the question may arise whether there was a previous cause for absence. If there was, the party would be justified in absence.

2. That the cause which would justify desertion must be such as would entitle the party withdrawing to a divorce, if he or she were disposed to apply for one.

3. In relation to cruelty. Though the English cases seem to establish that "cruelties" are personal indignities and injuries, our law differs somewhat from it. The refusal by the husband to give the wife necessaries, according to her habits, would be cruelties in England and here. The question what are necessaries, depends upon the education and habitudes of the woman. What to a lady delicately and tenderly reared might be absolutely necessary for her comfort, might be superfluities to a woman raised under sterner and less favorable circumstances. This only applies to necessaries, not luxuries. What luxuries shall be afforded to the wife, is a question which must be left to the husband's discretion, his means and his liberality. A question greatly discussed was—suppose a husband persists in a course of humiliating persecutions, annoyances and insults, would it be cruelty, although not accompanied with violence? *In a case in which such circumstances arise, they would amount to legal cruelty, worse than acts of violence resulting from outbreaks of temper, and showing a malignity of spirit which could not but inflict torture upon the unfortunate victim.*

THE ENGLISH ARISTOCRACY.

Mr. Colman, who recently returned from an agricultural visit to Europe, speaks in the following high terms of the British Aristocracy:

"These persons constitute a body, of whom, I may say, with truth, and I hope without offence, that, taken together, a class of men more polished and courteous, better educated, more enlightened, or more moral, has adorned no country and no period."

Our readers know that we are not very aristocratic in our sentiments, but we are inclined to think, from the testimony of numerous witnesses, that what Mr. Colman says is the simple truth.

But the question arises, Is it well to oppress and thereby degrade the great mass of the community, in order to enable a comparatively small number to educate themselves physically and intellectually up to the highest point of which human nature is capable? We are a Republican because we believe it is not well to do this. And because we also believe that the *highest* culture of body, mind and soul can never take place in a community founded in a great degree upon unjust distinctions between man and man.

POSTAGE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

It is argued by some persons that because the English papers pay a "stamp duty" of one penny each, therefore they are not carried free through the mails. The same persons acknowledge that papers have to pay the "stamp duty," *even though they never enter a mail bag.* This proves conclusively that while newspapers are carried free of *postage* in Great Britain, they are taxed, as everything else is taxed, to defray the terrible expenses of the government.

One word here. We have thought, since writing our article in favor of Free Postage, that there might be some practical difficulty in compensating Postmasters if the allowance from newspapers was withdrawn. A postage of a quarter or half a cent on newspapers, for the purpose of affording sufficient compensation to the Postmasters at small towns, might therefore be expedient.

BITTER.

A Canadian paper recently received by us, speaks of the result of the recent election in France in the following terms:

Chief of the French Banditti.—It is now a matter of absolute certainty, that the traitors, murderers and blasphemers of Satan bewitched France, have chosen Prince, or rather we should say *Citizen*—Louis Napoleon to be their President or ringleader. This is precisely the result which we all along anticipated. General Cavaignac, though implicated with the vagabonds who denied their God, and banished their King, gave indications of possessing something like rational views of political polity, and was at no pains to conceal his distaste for the wild theories, which like yeast are working in the windy brains of the frog eating tiger monkeys. Louis Napoleon, on the other hand, is just the sort of customer to suit the depraved and frivolous taste of the rascally rabble which calls itself "the people of France."

We trust our Canadian friend felt better after getting all that bad and bitter stuff off his mind.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

The Senate of Michigan, on the 3rd inst., adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be and they are hereby instructed to bring in a bill restoring capital punishment in cases of murder in the first degree.

On the other hand, Judge Lewis writes to the Pennsylvania Legislature, that a criminal clearly guilty of murder in the *first* degree, has been brought in by the jury only guilty in the *second* degree, on account of the popular dislike to capital punishment.

MR. MACREADY.

A letter from Mr. Macready appears in several of the London papers, asking them whether he was ever guilty of suborning writers in their establishments to write down Mr. Forrest, &c. The papers all reply in the negative. This kind of evidence, it seems to us, was hardly worth sending three thousand miles for.

NOT OUR FAULT.

The *Decatur (Ind.) Gazette* complains of the non-reception of the Post for some time past—laying the fault not on us, but on the Post Office Department. The Post is sent regularly to you, gentlemen of the "Gazette," and we trust you will henceforward receive it as regularly.

TALK WITH SUBSCRIBERS.

Our thanks are due this week to friends at Greensboro', Ala.; Lewisburg and Fairmount, Va; Church Hill, Leesburg, Xenia, *Old Hickory*, and Carthage, Ohio; Allentown and Marietta, Penn.; Centreville, N. J.; Berlin, Conn.; Mendon, Paris, South Lansing and Stamford, N. Y.; and Williamsburg, Ind., for the *increase* of our list at those places.

Also to our friends in Salem, N. C., Woodstock, Ohio, Lancaster, Ohio, and Troy, Penn., for a *second increase.*

Subscribers at a great number of places where there has been an increase of our list of from *three* to *nine* names, will please accept our thanks in the gross, as it would occupy too much space to thank them in detail. Those of our old subscribers who have promptly "stepped up to the captain's office, and settled" for another year's passage, will also please accept our best thanks.

A correspondent at Linnville Creek, Virginia, advises all publishers "to go strong for the issuing of small notes, as they lose many a subscriber by their non-existence." Perhaps the much talked of coinage of one dollar gold pieces would answer every purpose.

Our correspondent at Berlin, Conn., when sending on a club of 20 new subscribers, says that "they are nearly all mechanics, from one establishment, where 30 hands are employed, who take among them about 100 copies of 31 different papers." There is an example for the world! In what country but America could such a body of mechanics be found?

J. B., Wheeling, Va., thinks if we go on improving the Post as we have done the last year, we will hear a great many complaints from our contemporaries about Monopoly. Cannot help it, friend B., our destiny is onward—and those that cannot keep up, must fall into the rear. Such a great country as this, demands a great paper. Can we be deaf to that demand? Patriotism forbid!

[P. S. Our "*devil*" says that our patriotism is a little akin to that of members of Congress, which always has a squint one side at the "spoils."]

AMERICANS AND ENGLISH.

We asserted in a recent editorial upon "English Criticism," that the Americans exceed the English in enterprise. We find a confirmation of this opinion, in a recent article in the London Times. Speaking of the lack of public spirit in Calcutta and Bombay, this leading English journal draws the following honest parallel:

California was scarcely known a year back; but it will scarcely appear too much to predict that its chief port on the Pacific will be opened up by a line of railway from New York, and with a steam fleet to Canton, before the first locomotive will have started from either of the gigantic and now comparatively ancient cities of Calcutta or Bombay.

You are right, Mr. Times. The "staff of accomplishment" has departed from you into the hands of a younger, quicker-witted and more vigorous people. As Uncle Sam has now two young ones, Oregon and California, old John Bull may fairly be considered a grandfather, and entitled to live at ease on a competency, or spend the remainder of his days in a poor-house, as he has been wise and frugal, or foolish and improvident in his youth and prime.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The Scientific American says that the Electric Light which is making such a "*noise*," in England, is "nothing more than the incandescence (production of a white heat) of charcoal by the currents of a battery," and cannot be so easily or economically made as coal gas. If this be true, our gas men may rest at ease in their size a little while longer.

We have not had so much faith in the Electric Light since, in turning over the numbers of the Post of about *a year ago*, we found a full account of its invention, its marvellous cheapness, and the manner in which it was *soon going* to shame all other kinds of *artificial* light, even if it condescended to spare the common sunlight.

DIVORCES.

We perceive by the proceedings of the Pennsylvania Legislature, that the regular Committee have been making slashing work with the applications for Divorces, reporting *against* the whole of them. We could not understand it, until the correspondent of the Ledger "let the cat out of the bag," as follows. He says: "They reported adversely in every case—there not being a single pretty woman in the lot, at least, if there was, she was not here in *propria persona* to take care of her own case. It's no use for ugly people to ask a divorce here—that's positive."

By the way, is it the fact that legislative bodies always put their ugliest members on the Committee on Divorces?

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

A discovery of immense importance to Ireland, is said to have been recently made. An experiment on a large scale has satisfactorily proved that from the peat so abundant in Ireland, can be produced spermaceti, ammonia, naptha, soda-ash, oil, and some other substances. It is said that at an expense of £30, chemical results to the value of £148 can be produced from one hundred pounds of peat. If this be true, it is the best news we have heard from Ireland for many a day; and may work out that regeneration which we had begun to regard as hopeless.

LECTURE.

S. D. Patterson, Esq., of this city, recently delivered a Lecture before a Literary Society at Trappe, Montgomery County, Penn., which we see spoken of highly. The subject was "The Mission, the Destiny and the Prospect of our Country."

THE CHOLERA.

The Cholera is rapidly abating at New Orleans, and the city is filling up with citizens and strangers.

Our Correspondents

ROMAN TROUBLES.

We have received some sketches of the members of the present liberal Ministry in Rome. They are written by G. F. Secchi de Casali, an Italian exile, and are interesting as showing the view taken by the great majority of the Roman people of the conduct of Pius Ninth. The following contains a brief account of

MAMIANI.

BY G. F. SECCHI DE CASALI.

The Revolution of Rome, the Desertion of Pius IX. from the Quirinal, the Election of a Democratic Ministry, and the Creation of a New Government in the Roman States, have attracted more of the attention of foreign nations than all the series of insurrections which have happened for a whole year on the European continent. Pius IX. is no more in Rome! and Rome has ceased at last to be thought a dead Empire, and to be any longer a simple Museum, or a vast gallery of Fine Arts. Any one well acquainted with the political affairs of the Italian Peninsula could easily foretell the fall of the present Pope, or a great change in the Papal Government. Pius IX. had declared himself against the national war with Austria, when his own subjects were already marching against their *enemies*; he solemnly refused to support the Italian cause while Italy required all the help and arms of her children! The Romans discovered that the Pope was no more with Italy and for Italy; in vain they prayed him to make a distinction between what he thought his own duties as Chief of the Church and those of an Italian Prince, but he refused to do so, and if the Priest had saved the Sovereign in 1846, we may say that in 1848 the Priest has lost the Sovereign and his temporal power. Every one is acquainted with the consequences of the policy of the Pontiff, and of the liberal and wise course adopted by the Romans. Let us see who are the two Prime Ministers called by the unanimous vote of the people to occupy so great an office and difficult magistracy.

Mamiani, better known as the Lamartine of Italy, while young suffered exile as one of the chief leaders of the Italian Revolution in 1831. He escaped from the iron sway of Gregory XVI. into France, and remained in Paris till 1846, when was approaching the awakening of Italy. While in exile he published several sacred poems and many others on national subjects. One of his most popular poetical works is an *ode* to the memory of Oroboni, who died at the Spielberg in Austria as a Carbonaro of 1821. Mamiani published thereafter his *Dialogues on the Primary Science*, a work of a great and profound thinker as well of a patriotic and Christian writer. In his philosophical dialogues he introduces many of the talented martyrs of Italy who perished on the scaffold to satisfy the bloody thirst of their oppressors. In Paris he was one of the editors of the *Gazetta Italiana*, a paper well conducted and professing moderate and anti-radical principles. Mamiani, like Gioberti, wished that Italy should be united with her princes when these rulers are for the independence of their country, and on his arrival at Genoa, December 14th, 1847, he was received in that city with the greatest honors and as a saviour of his beloved Italy. From Genoa he went to Pesaro, his native place, in the Roman States, and attempted with success the emancipation of the Jews in Rome. In August, 1848, he was called to the Eternal city by the Pope himself, as Prime Minister, but his plan of a new and liberal constitution was so contrary to the policy of Pius IX., that the Pontiff censured him for his free principles. Mamiani, who worked conscientiously for his country, and who knew that to unite and to free Italy, required the help and league of all the Italian princes, resigned his office and went into exile again, rather than sacrifice his country and disgrace his name. After a few months of exile in Piedmont, where he was named President of the Italian Confederacy, he was called back to Rome and elected by the people to occupy the higher dignity of the country, and was one of the first deputies to proclaim that the *temporal* power of the Pope had ceased over the Roman States.

☞ It is said that perpetual motion may be found in the eyes of a woman who is deceiving you.

New Publications.

Mysteries of City Life; or, Stray Leaves from the World's Book. *By James Rees, Author of the "Philadelphia Locksmith," "Nighthawk Papers," &c. Philadelphia: J. W. Moore.* This volume contains a series of Tales, Sketches, Incidents and Scenes founded upon the notes of a Home Missionary, the Rev. John Street, we suppose, to whom it is dedicated. Such is the press of new publications, that we have not had time to more than glance over a *few* pages; but we are inclined to judge favorably of it from the following passage which we hit upon at random.

IMMORAL WORKS.

So much has been written about the crimes and mysteries of great cities, with appalling descriptions of vice; and the localities of her votaries painted in such horrific colors, that the mind starts back from the mere contemplation of the scene, and is at last led to doubt a description which does not bear upon its front the least tint and shadow of truth. Many of these works, the origin of which can be traced to the licentiousness of the French press, have been got up in our midst for no other reason than to cater for, and pander to a depraved appetite. Rich and poor are commingled together, vice and virtue dished up as delicate morsels for the *gourmand*, and the human passions played upon as if they were a part and portion of the entertainment. Youth, that season of life, on whose sacred ground even vice is fearful to tread, becomes the medium through which these monstrosities are made to sell, and the publisher is at times, an innocent accessory to the promulgation of vice in its most attractive form. Indecent words, and exciting descriptions of life, so called, are nothing compared to the plates which accompany them, and not unfrequently the latter are introduced throughout a work, to which the reading has no connection or allusion. If it were not to insult the reader, the names of these books would be given. The chaste and beautiful productions of our gifted writers, are set aside for such works as we have alluded to. We must have some standard whereby our literary character, and the morality of the press can be judged. Are there not men of sufficient moral courage in our midst, to raise their voices in high places, against an abuse which if permitted to exist, will not only bring ruin, but disgrace, upon the literary character of our country. That vitiated taste, a taste created to gratify the insatiate maw for such things, has given rise to a series of romances, so called, which we are fearful, will give our youth a foretaste of that dyspeptic feeling which now racks and tortures the whole moral system of our literature.

Have we not arrived at that fearful epoch in our literary history? and one which fully justifies us in raising our voice in defence of our youth, and the advocacy of a more chaste and classical style of writing, giving it more of the coloring of divine truth, and striving to render the pages of our books like unto virtue, pure and unsullied. Erect a standard on a moral basis, then will the *sense* come out from their leaves, like *perfume* from a bed of violets.

We do not, be it understood, condemn romance, for we look upon it as a playful ripple of the imagination on the lake of truth, passing away, and sparkling o'er the stream like the short livid meteors of the night. Romance may adorn, but it cannot beautify truth. One is the creation of Deity, the other the creation of man. The one lives in the brightness and the beauty of the world, the other glitters and sparkles awhile in the exhalations of the earth!

But we must condemn that species of romance which in the vain attempt to portray scenes, cull out the worst features of crime and passion, and give them as leaflets from the book of life. In our little work, which are indeed leaves, our object is to give reality instead of romance; and when the latter has been called in to aid the first, they both go hand in hand thoroughout each sketch, to the end maintaining the moral which our object was and is to impress upon the reader. The following excellent article is from a late number of Blackwood's Magazine, it is so applicable to our subject that we are induced to give it place:

"We have Lord Bacon, however, and many other great writers on our side; and there is reason for thinking that the public likewise are beginning to be satiated with the hells of the imagination. It seems, indeed, to be pretty evident that there is enough, in actual life, of sufferings, and misery, and crime, and vengeance, and gloom; and that there are but too many coarse ruffians, worthy of the gallows, whether they ever come to it or not: fiction should not, as is vulgarly supposed, present us with a mere representation of what is, or of what is commonly, but should lead us into more sunny and delightful scenes than the rough, ordinary, homespun world affords; and not, as is now but too often the case, make us glad to turn from the horrors of fictitious transactions to the far more tranquil and delightful prospects of common life.

"It is the common opinion that the portraying of dark, misanthropical villains, and tremendous events, exhibit greater *power*, as the phrase is, than the painting of more subdued characters, and the description of more natural and probable transactions. We are not of this creed. According to our notions, nothing is more difficult than the creation of a little knot of characters, probable but not common, whose adventures shall successively call into play, mirth, humor, pathos, pity, terror, anxiety, hope, delight—without for a moment shocking belief, or bordering on caricature or the horrible. And it is this difficulty, which is felt if not acknowledged, that drives our romance writers and novelists to the use of the marvellous and the abominable. The system, however, as we have said, is nearly worn out. Our nerves are daily becoming more and more used to fictitious horrors, and we shall very shortly be rendered as insensible to the unspeakable sufferings of a hero or heroine of romance, as an old, thorough-paced inquisitor must be to the writhing of a patient of the Holy Office upon the rack. Use, as the proverb says, reconciles us to every thing. Hanging, drowning, burning, &c., are now mere common occurrences in fiction. The executions formerly perpetrated on our stage, and which furnished the French critics with materials for ridicule, are, in fact, every day outdone by our fashionable fiction-mongers, who make nothing of human life, or human suffering, when they expect to amuse their readers by inquisitorial exhibitions.

"But, we again repeat, nothing but want of genius can thus induce writers to play roughly upon the great chords of our being, while they dare not lay their unskilful fingers on those softer and finer strings, whose sounds should mingle with and temper the notes of the other."

Godey's Lady's Book. The February number of Godey contains the usual number of engravings, wood cuts, &c. The principal ones are "The Happy Expression," and a beautiful Valentine piece. Besides these we have Model Cottages, a Fashion Plate, &c. The literary matter is by T. S. Arthur, W. G. Simms, Mrs. J. C. Neal, T. Hempstead, Hon. J. Leander Starr, Clara Moreton, &c. The gems of the number are "What is the Charm," by E. Oakes Smith, "Mellonta Tauta," by E. A. Poe, "The Irish Patriots," by Grace Greenwood, "Sketch of Mrs. Knox," by E. F. Ellet, and "Timothy Pettigrew's Wife's Husband," by Miss Leslie. The following interesting passage is from the "Sketch of Mrs. Knox:"

ROBERT MORRIS, ANECDOTE, &c.

The removal of the Seat of Government from New York to Philadelphia, was the signal for much hilarity among the citizens of the latter place. Their triumph over a rival city being attributed to the exertions and influence of the Hon. Robert Morris, some of the New Yorkers took their revenge by lampooning this leader in an unpopular movement; and caricatures were circulated, representing the wealthy financier in the act of carrying off the whole body of Congress on his back, the words "Stick to it, Bobby," being inscribed underneath. The Philadelphians, on the other hand, were eager to show hospitality to the new comers. Entertainments of every description were the order of the day; and the prominent fashionables were emulous in gaiety. An acknowledged leader of the *ton* was Mrs. Bingham, daughter to one of the first merchants of the city. She had but recently returned from France, having been greatly admired for her beauty and grace at court, where she was called "the fair American;" and her loveliness and accomplishments, with elegant and polished manners, and a mind intelligent and cultivated, combined to draw around her the *elite* of the city, and to render her house a most attractive place of resort. Her entertainments were splendid; and it was her ambition to give a new tone to society, and to introduce customs more congenial to the atmosphere of Paris, than the simplicity of a young republic. One of these customs, for instance, was that of having the visiter's name taken at the door by a servant, and passed to others on the different landings of the stairs, till it reached the door of the reception room, where it was announced in a loud voice, to call the attention of the lady of the house. This custom, which never prevailed extensively, occasioned many amusing blunders; one of which happened in the case of a distinguished person, who was afterwards President of the United States. He gave his name, as requested, at the door, but was surprised to hear it reverberated in different tones, and could only suppose the calling meant to expedite his movements. "Coming!" he exclaimed; and again, "Coming!—coming!"—till, at length, quite out of patience, he called out—"Coming as soon as I can get my great coat off!"

Franklin Illustrated. *New York: Harper & Brothers.* We have received Part 2, of a new illustrated edition of the Autobiography of Franklin, a work interesting alike to young and old. It is to be completed in eight numbers, at 25 cents a-piece. Will the publishers please send us the *first* part. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

The Medical Examiner. *Edited by F. G. Smith, M. D. and D. H. Tucker, M. D. Phila. Lindsay & Blakiston.* The January number of this monthly is on our table. It contains numerous articles interesting to medical men.

Rhymes of Travel, Ballads and Poems. *By Bayard Taylor, author of Views A-Foot. New York: G. P. Putnam.* We noticed last week the reception of this volume of true poetry. The poems in it are divided under four heads: Rhymes of Travel, Picturesque Ballads of California, Life Tones, and Miscellaneous Poems. Of the first, "Steyermark," with which we lead off our first page this week, is a favorable specimen; as to ring and manliness it is the best of the Rhymes of Travel. The Life Tones are all fine. Of the Miscellaneous Poems, "The Voice of the Fire," "A Requiem in the North," and "The Demon of the Mirror," are our favorites—the last mentioned on account of its artistical merit. In the Ballads of California, Mr. Taylor has hit upon an entirely new vein of poetic gold, and followed it up with rare vigor and good fortune. "The Fight of Paso del Mar," and "The Eagle Hunter" are worthy of especial commendation. We may say of Mr. Taylor's poetry generally, that it evinces that general grasp and vigor of mind which commonly accompanies the highest grade of genius; and such has been the improvement in it within the last year or two, that we feel no hesitation in avowing our conviction that, with the same industry and devotion to high principle that Mr. Taylor has hitherto shown, he will achieve triumphs in the future that will do honor to the literature of our country. We do not know that we can better conclude this notice than by quoting one of the Poems we have so highly commended:

THE FIGHT OF PASO DEL MAR.

A BALLAD OF CALIFORNIA.

Gusty and raw was the morning,
A fog hung over the seas,
And its gray skirts, rolling inland,
Were torn by the mountain trees;
No sound was heard but the dashing
Of waves on the sandy bar,
When Pablo of San Diego
Rode down to the Paso del Mar.

The pescador, out in his shallop,
Gathering his harvest so wide,
Sees the dim bulk of the headland
Loom over the waste of the tide;
He sees, like a white thread, the pathway
Wind round on the terrible wall,
Where the faint moving speck of the rider
Seems hovering close to its fall!

Stout Pablo of San Diego
Rode down from the hills behind;
With the bells on his gray mule tinkling,
He sang through the fog and wind.
Under his thick, misted eyebrows,
Twinkled his eye like a star,
And fiercer he sang, as the sea-winds
Drove cold on the Paso del Mar.

Now Bernal, the herdsman of Corral,
Had travelled the shore since dawn,
Leaving the ranches behind him—
Good reason had he to be gone!
The blood was still red on his dagger,
The fury was hot in his brain,
And the chill, driving scud of the breakers
Beat thick on his forehead in vain.

With his blanket wrapped gloomily round him,
He mounted the dizzying road,
And the chasms and steeps of the headland
Were slippery and wet, as he trode;
Wild swept the wind of the ocean,
Rolling the fog from afar,
When near him a mule-bell came tinkling,
Midway on the Paso del Mar![*]

"Back!" shouted Bernal, full fiercely,
And "back!" shouted Pablo, in wrath;
As his mule halted, startled and shrinking,
On the perilous line of the path!
The roar of devouring surges
Came up from the breakers' hoarse war;
And "back, or you perish!" cried Bernal,
"I turn not on Paso del Mar!"

The gray mule stood firm as the headland,
He clutched at the jingling rein,
When Pablo rose up in his saddle
And smote till he dropped it again.
A wild oath of passion swore Bernal,
And brandished his dagger, still red,
While fiercely stout Pablo leaned forward,
And fought o'er his trusty mule's head.

They fought, till the black wall below them
Shone red through the misty blast;
Stout Pablo then struck, leaning farther,
The broad breast of Bernal at last.
And, frenzied with pain, the swart herdsman
Closed round him with terrible clasp,
And jerked him, despite of his struggles,
Down from the mule, in his grasp.

They grappled with desperate madness
On the slippery edge of the wall;
They swayed on the brink, and together
Reeled out to the rush of the fall!
A cry of the wildest death-anguish
Rang faint through the mist afar,
And the riderless mule went homeward
From the Fight of the Paso del Mar!

[*] A pass, similar to that described in the ballad, has been found on the Pacific Coast. There is a story told of two Highland Chieftains having met their death in a like quarrel, from a precipice on the Northern shore of Scotland.

The Life of Major General Peter Muhlenberg, of the Revolutionary Army. *By Henry A. Muhlenberg. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* All biographies of the patriots of the Revolution, and reminiscences of that eventful and trying period, are certain of a good reception from the American public. We learn from this biography that Mr. Muhlenberg, at the time of being chosen Colonel of the Eighth Virginia Regiment, was a clergyman. We extract the following description of his last sermon for its peculiar interest, and also as a sample of the author's powers:

THE LAST SERMON.

"He came, and ascended the pulpit, his tall form arrayed in full uniform, over which his gown, the symbol of his holy calling, was thrown. He was a plain, straightforward speaker, whose native eloquence was well suited to the people among whom he labored. At all times capable of commanding the deepest attention, we may well conceive that upon this great occasion, when high, stern thoughts were burning for utterance, the people who heard him hung upon his fiery words with all the intensity of their souls. Of the matter of the sermon various accounts remain. All concur, however, in attributing to it great potency in arousing the military ardor of the people, and unite in describing its conclusion. After recapitulating, in words that aroused the coldest, the story of their sufferings and wrongs, and telling them of the sacred character of the struggle in which he had unsheathed his sword, and for which he had left the altar he had vowed to serve, he said 'that, in the language of holy writ, there was a time for all things, a time to preach and a time to pray, but those times had passed away;' and in a voice that re-echoed through the church like a trumpet-blast, 'that there was a time to fight, and that time had now come!'

"The sermon finished, he pronounced the benediction. A breathless stillness brooded over the congregation. Deliberately putting off the gown, which had thus far covered his martial figure, he stood before them a girded warrior; and descending from the pulpit, ordered the drums at the church-door to beat for recruits. Then followed a scene to which even the American Revolution, rich as it is in bright examples of the patriotic devotion of the people, affords no parallel. His audience, excited in the highest degree by the impassioned words which had fallen from his lips, flocked around him, eager to be ranked among his followers. Old men were seen bringing forward their children, wives their husbands, and widowed mothers their sons, sending them under his paternal care to fight the battles of their country. It must have been a noble sight, and the cause thus supported could not fail.

"Nearly three hundred men of the frontier churches that day enlisted under his banner; and the gown then thrown off was worn for the last time. Henceforth his footsteps were destined for a new career. This event occurred about the middle of January, 1776."

Chemical and Pharmaceutical Manipulations:—*A Manual of the Mechanical and Chemico Mechanical Operations of the Laboratory, Containing a Complete Description of the Most Approved Apparatus, with Instructions as to their Application and Management, both in Manufacturing Processes and in the More Exact Details of Analysis and Accurate Research. For the Use of Chemists, Druggists, Teachers and Students. By Campbell Morfit, Practical and Analytic Chemist, Assisted by Alexander Muckle, Chemical Assistant in Professor Booth's Laboratory. With 423 Illustrations. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* Mr. Morfit's reputation as a scientific chemist has been established here by his association with Professor Booth in the authorship of the "Encyclopædia of Chemistry,"—and his practical ability was before well known from his work on "Soap and Candles." To such a work as the above, therefore, he brings those qualifications which alone can render it valuable. No man without both theoretical and practical knowledge, and especially the latter, can properly teach the economy of a laboratory. He must himself have encountered and overcome difficulties. This the author has done; and the student of chemistry, whether apothecary, manufacturer, or the amateur, will find his labors and comprehension very much assisted by such a manual. The characteristic of Mr. Morfit's public labors is practical common sense: and too much value can hardly be set on what so thoroughly obviates the mysteries and technicalities of chemical text books.

An Appeal to the Christian Public. This is an appeal to the Christian public on the evil and impolicy of the Church "engaging in merchandise," and sets forth "the wrong done to booksellers, and the extravagance, inutility and evil working of Charity Publication Societies." A subject that we know very little about, and do not feel inclined at present to take the trouble of investigating. Those that feel otherwise, can obtain the pamphlet of *King & Baird, No. 9 George street, Phila.*

The Plough, Loom and Anvil. The February number of this ably edited work is out in good season. It opens with an article on the time and profitable mode of diminishing the surplus production of cotton—a subject much discussed in the South at the present time. Published by *J. S. Skinner & Son, Phila.*

An Inquiry into the Degree of Certainty in Medicine; and into the Nature and Extent of its Power over Disease. *By Elisha Bartlett, M. D., Professor in Transylvania University, &c. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* We are pleased to see a volume with this title. As Dr. Bartlett truly, though rather verbosely says, "the general confidence which has heretofore existed in the science and art of medicine, as this science has been studied, and as this art has been practised, has within the last few years been violently shaken and disturbed, and is now greatly lessened and impaired." It is accordingly our author's object to prove that there is much more "certainty in medicine" than what the majority of intelligent men are disposed to allow. The learned doctor begins by taking "the bull by the horns," in the shape of Dr. Forbes, whose famous article in the British and Foreign Medical Review receives a respectful though not very complimentary notice. We have not time to follow Dr. Bartlett in his train of remark, and perhaps it is not needful, as we rather incline to the school which holds that the "*certainty of medicine*" cannot reasonably be called into question—our greatest objection to medicine being that it is in many cases so alarmingly certain.

In the conclusion of his essay, our author takes occasion to congratulate his brethren of the Profession, upon the ultimate triumph of Truth, as it is in the Regular Practice, over all the attacks of Error. He says:—"We must needs be visited occasionally by medical as by manifold other delusions; but it is a part of their nature always to pass rapidly away, and to be soon forgotten." We agree with the author in this, but we would respectfully suggest to him and other "Regular" practitioners, that very few *entire* falsehoods manage to get a standing place in this very slippery world of ours; and that the best way to put an end to new systems one-fourth true and three-fourths false, is to have the open eye and the willing mind to incorporate that one-fourth of truth into the old science and practice.

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences. *Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. Philada. Lea & Blanchard.* The January number of this Quarterly contains the usual quantity of matter interesting to the faculty. Among other articles we notice a Review of Dr. Channing's Treatise on Etherization in Childbirth—a subject which it is wonderful is not attracting more attention in this city. The Review is a fair one, and its conclusions rather favorable to the practice of Etherization—although the question is considered still an open one. From all we can learn upon the subject, we incline to the opinion that the use of Chloroform in Childbirth is entirely safe, as regards both mother and child. It is but a short time since a lady of our acquaintance used etherization with the happiest results. We do not consider the question of the safety of etherization satisfactorily settled in the affirmative, but we do think that the weight of the *evidence* so far produced, is decidedly in favor of the practice. While, if Etherization be all that Dr. Channing avers it to be, it would seem as if the world had completed its greatest distance from Deity, and that the hour of turning again towards the great centre of light and love, was signalized by the remission of the severest portion of the primal curse.

Outlines of a New System of Physiognomy. *By J. W. Redfield, M. D.* An interesting book on an old subject. That there are indications of character in the Physiognomy, is beyond doubt; and this conflicts not in the least with a belief in Phrenology. Dr. Redfield's system—now we suppose only in parts, and more especially in details—appears to contain a fair portion of truth. His ideas are illustrated by numerous engravings of the "human face (not always) divine." For sale by *G. B. Zieber, Agent, Philadelphia.*

The Moral, Social and Professional Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors. *By Samuel Warren, Esq., F. R. S. New York: Harper & Brothers.* Although this book is more particularly adapted to England, where the profession of attorney is a separate one from that of counsellor, it may be read with profit by the attorneys of our own country. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.*

Posthumous Works of the Rev. Thomas Chalmers. *Edited by Rev. W. Hanna. New York: Harper & Brothers.* The Fifth Volume of this Series is now published. It continues the "Sabbath Scripture Readings." For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

Dwight's American Magazine. The January number of this magazine contains several woodcuts, and the usual quantity of literary matter.

Littell's Living Age. The last number of this interesting serial can be procured of *G. B. Zieber, Agent, Philadelphia.*

Boys' and Girls' Magazine. Published by Bradbury & Guild, Boston. December number received.

Clippings.

☞ La Democratique Pacifique says it is a positive fact, that the house of Rothschild is now winding up its affairs as regards the Paris establishment.

☞ The expression "piping hot," is taken from the custom of the bakers blowing their pipe, or horn in villages, to let the people know that their bread is just drawn, and consequently "hot" and light.

☞ Addison tells a story of a man who had such an antipathy to cats, that one day being accosted by a friend in the street, he was suddenly taken with a nervous shuddering, which he could not account for, until looking round, he discovered he was standing right under the sign of the *Cat and Bagpipes.*

☞ According to Johnson, the term "to rule the roast" was originally written "roist," which signifies a tumult, and the phrase implies a power to direct the rabble.

☞ The following epitaph is placed over the grave of a smuggler, who was shot by exisemen:—

Here I lies,
Killed by the X I's!

☞ Hay-tea is recommended for rearing and supporting swine. Thicken the tea or wash indiscriminately with either grains, bran, or any kind of meal, boiled cabbages, or boiled potatoes.

☞ The Adelaide Observer (says Jerrold's Newspaper,) reports a curious lecture by the Rev. Mr. Coyle, R. C. C. on "America and the Americans." Of the electioneering spirit he said: "If they wanted to give any unfortunate fellow a black name they had only to get him to become a candidate for some public office, and then all he had ever done in his life would be raked up against him, and even all that his ancestors had done before him."

☞ A Washington letter-writer says "that honorable Senators are in the habit of eating and drinking of the very best, which the "contingent fund" has to suffer for. These extras are set down under the head of 'horse feed.'" How the country would rejoice, if some of these horses had *halters.*—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

☞ Louis Napoleon is unmarried. His cousin, whose aristocratical title is the "Princess" Mathilde Demidoff, is to do the honors of the Presidential palace.

☞ It is reported that Jenny Lind is about to be married to Mr. Lumley, the manager of her Majesty's theatre.

☞ It is related of Charles II., in Macauley's new History, that just previous to his death he apologized to those friends who had spent the night with him for having been "a most unconscionable time dying."

☞ According to the New York Post, some influential Roman Catholic citizens intend to call a public meeting, for the purpose of inviting Pope Pius the Ninth to make this country his residence.

☞ The introduction of iron for the first story of stories, is becoming very common. At the corner of Centre and Duane streets, New York, a large edifice is going up, with a *front* on each street *entirely of cast iron!*

☞ A California Mining Company has been formed in Utica, with a capital stock of thirty thousand dollars.

☞ Pianos.—Thirty-three pianos, valued at $4,595, are enumerated in the official report of the taxable property in Iowa.

☞ The Salem Register says that Capt. Varney arrived in that city on Saturday, with a quantity of pure California gold. The editor says he saw a piece which weighed not far from a pound and a half.

☞ Raspail, the French Socialist, is said to be the distinguished chemist of that name, who first figured as a witness in the case of the famous Madame Lafarge, the poisoner, and has been since well known to the scientific world for various researches in pharmaceutical and physiological chemistry.

☞ The Chinese mode of employing a doctor is to give the physician a regular yearly salary, but only to continue so long as the patient remains in good health.

☞ In the Second Ward of the First Municipality of New Orleans, it is said that there is not a single case of cholera. This is accounted for by the cleanly state of the streets.

☞ At Franconia, N. H., the coldest place in the Union, and where the weather changes more suddenly and more extensively than any other, the people are healthy and are long livers.

☞ The American standard, both for gold and silver, is nine hundred-thousandths of the pure metal, and one hundred-thousandths of alloy, and the weight of the eagle is two hundred and fifty-eight grains.

☞ At the close of a temperance meeting, in Paris, Canada West, the writer circulated the total abstinence pledge, and solicited a beautiful young woman to append her signature to it. When he inquired, "Will you give me your name?" she replied—"No, sir, *I have promised my name to another gentleman.*"

☞ The Oberlin Institute, in Ohio, lately conferred the title of *Bachelor of Arts*, upon a young lady named Ann Mahan.

☞ Of Prescott's History of the "Conquest of Mexico" the publishers have sold very nearly 18,000 copies. We understand that the author receives $1,50 for each copy sold. His receipts thus far, on that work alone, have been therefore $27,000.

☞ The man that read the message, undertook to go through the new year addresses of the different newspapers—and, we regret to say, hasn't been heard of since.—*Lynn News.*

☞ Performance is Better than Promise.—Not always—we have known "performances" that were by no means equal to the promises.

☞ There are some men whose enemies are to be pitied much, and their *friends* more.—*Lacon.*

☞ A schoolmaster in Vermont lately recommended to his pupils a very *fine* edition of *Combe on the head.*

☞ Mademoiselle Lind has been exerting her great powers in behalf of the Manchester Infirmary. The nett product of two concerts in that place, at which she gratuitously performed, amounted to £2,460.

☞ The Union says that some of the California gold received at the Philadelphia mint has been coined into quarter eagles, the abbreviation "Cal." being placed over the head of the eagle.

☞ Sir Thomas Moore remarked to the executioner, by whom he was to perish, that the scaffold was extremely weak: "I pray you, friend, see me up safe," said he, "and for coming down, let me shift for myself!"

☞ The Roman Catholic Church in France came out officially and unanimously in favor of the election of Cavaignac to the Presidency.

☞ Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus; it moves stones; it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.

☞ A beautiful oriental proverb runs thus:—"With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin." How encouraging is this lesson to the impatient and desponding. And what difficulty is there that man should quail at, when a worm can accomplish so much from the leaf of the mulberry?

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Saturday Afternoon, January 20, 1849.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The supplies of superfine Flour are moderate for the season, but there has been but little demand for shipment during the present week, and the transactions have been restricted at prices ranging from $5,25 for common standard brands, and $5,50a5,75 for choice and extra. Rye Flour—A small sale at $3,12½ per bbl. Corn Meal is steady at $2,75a2,87½ for Pennsylvania, with sales of 1,500 bbls.

GRAIN—There has been some demand for good red Wheat, but the prices asked being considerably above the views of buyers, there has been but little business doing—we quote at $1,13a1.15 from store. Rye is worth 66a67 cts. Corn continues scarce, and prices very firm—steady sales of new Southern yellow at 60a62, and some old Pennsylvania at 65 cents. Oats—Prices tend upward—sales of Southern at 32a33, and Pennsylvania at 35a36c.

PROVISIONS—At the close of the week some small supplies of new Western Pork have been received, but are not yet landed. For the small parcels in store $15a15,50 per barrel has been asked for new Mess, with small sales. Beef continues scarce—a sale of City Mess at $13a13,50 per tce. Bacon—A small invoice of new Western sold at 8c for Hams, 6¼a6½ for Sides, and 5½ for Shoulders. Lard is in limited demand at 7¼a8½c. Butter is steady at 10 to 11 cts as in quality, with fair sales.

BARK—The market continues to be poorly supplied with Quercitron, and prices are firm at $27 and $25 per ton for first quality Nos. 1 and 2.

BEESWAX—Market still dull—a small sale of good Yellow at 21c.

BREAD—Prices are steady at 3½ for Navy, and 4½ for Pilot Bread, and 5a5½c for Crackers, with small sales.

CANDLES—Steady sales of Sperm at 32a33 cents. Mould Tallow at 11a11½ and Dipt at 10a10½c.

COAL—There has been more shipping during the present week, chiefly on account of Eastern manufacturers—Prices continue steady. The following has been published as an authentic statement of the shipments from the several mining regions during the past two years:

	1847	1848.
By Schuylkill Canal, tons	522,851 17	436,691 17
Reading Railway	1,360,151 03	1,236,234 03
From the Lehigh mines	643,768 12	680,193 02
From the Lackawanna	388,200 09	434,267 05
Pine Grove	61,233 04	56,938 05
Lykens Valley		2,000 00
Shamokin	14,903 19	10,326 00
Wyoming	289,898 07	237,271 03

COFFEE—A cargo of Laguayra and one of Rio arrived to day, but are not yet landed. The market has been inactive throughout the week, and the transactions quite limited.

COTTON—The receipts have been quite large this week, the aggregate reaching 1,804 bales. The market has exhibited but little animation, and prices are less firm—the sales only reaching 600 bales Upland and New Orleans at from 6½ to 7½c per lb as in quality.

COPPER—Prices continue unchanged.

DOMESTIC GOODS—The increased demand noted last week, for the supply of the job houses continues, and the advance is steadily maintained.

FEATHERS—Steady sales of Western at 34a36c per lb. Stock light.

FISH—Mackerel continue in limited demand at $8 a8,50 for No. 1, $5,50 for No. 2, and $3,50a3,75 for No. 3 per bbl.

The imports into Philadelphia during the year 1848, sum up as follows:

	Bbls	hf bbls	qur bbls	kits
From Nova Scotia	15,404	876		
U. S. Ports	81,247	1,411	354	255
Total	96,651	2,287	354	255

FRUIT—Malaga Raisins are in moderate request, with sales in small lots at $1,45 for whole, 75 for half, and 45 for qur boxes. For Domestic Fruits the market continues inactive. 2,870 boxes Sicily Oranges and 960 do Lemons, arrived to-day.

GINSENG—We quote good Crude at 28a30c.

HEMP—The supplies of American are on the increase, but the market continues quiet.

HIDES—The arrivals this week comprise 11,000 Buenos Ayres, and 4,081 Laguayra, but no operations have transpired.

IRON—The demand for Pig Metal has been limited this week, and no operations of moment have transpired. Prices continue steady.

LEAD—About 5,800 pigs Western have arrived since our last review, part of which was previously disposed of. Prices are firm at 4½c with sales of 2,000 pigs.

MOLASSES—The market continues quiet; about 100 bbls new crop New Orleans sold at 28c 4 mos. The receipts this week comprise 184 bbls and 7,000 gallons.

NAVAL STORES—The arrivals of Rosin this week exceed 2,600 bbls, part of which was previously disposed of, and the balance is not yet landed. The market remains quiet for all descriptions.

OILS—Whale Oil continues in good demand, with large sales at 38a40c. Sperm sells freely at $1,20a1,25 for Fall and Winter strained. Linseed continues dull at former rates.

RICE—Prices are steady at 3a3½c per pound with small sales.

SALT—About 500 sacks Liverpool Fine, and 13,000 bushels Turks Island have arrived this week, and mostly sold at about former rates.

SPICES—A sale of Pepper at 5½c on time.

SPIRITS—Further sales of French Brandy in small parcels at $1,10a1,25 for Bordeaux, $1,30a1,45 for Rochelle, and $2,50a2,75 for Cogniac. Gin—Steady sales of Holland Gin in lots at $1,35a1,40 per gallon. New England Rum continues scarce—the last sale was at 28½c. Whiskey—The demand is limited at 21a22½c in hhds, and 25 in bbls.

SUGAR—The large sales noted last week having nearly exhausted the stocks in first hands, transactions since have been necessarily restricted. Arrived this week, 1,123 hhds, 41 tcs and 72 bbls.

SUMAC—A sale of 800 bags Sicily on terms not made public. Imported in 1848, 9,126 bags.

TALLOW—Sales to some extent at 8a8½c.

TOBACCO—The demand for good Kentucky continues limited, but prices are very firm.

WOOL—The stocks of Domestic are very light, and prices are well supported.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday last:

	Bid	Asked.		Bid.	Asked
U S 6s '56	105½	105¾	Far & Mec	56½	57
" '62	106½	—	Commercial	54	55
" '67	109	109½	N Liberty	44	—
" '68	109½	109¾	Mechanics'	26½	[illegible]
" 5s '53	99	100	Schuylkill	4	4½
U S Tr N 6s	108¾	108½	Southwark	68	75
" "	—	108¾	Kensington	59	60
War Bty scr	99	100	P Township	27	29
Philada 6s	98½	99½	Girard	11½	11¾
" 5s	84	—	Western	53½	54
" " Gas	—	90	Man & Mechs	24½	25
County 6s	96	—	Bk of Com	50	51
" 5s	81½	—	Tradesman's	49	51
Penna 6s	—	93	Camden	51	54
" 5s	79½	79¾	Pottsville	37	—
Kentucky 6s	100	—	M & M, Pitts	45	48
Tennessee 5s	77½	—	Exchange, Pitts	44	—
Cincinnati 6s	90	—	Com, Cincin	40	—
" WW	92	—	Louisville, Ky	88	—
Texas T Notes	—	13	Kentucky Bk	88	—
" bds 8s	19	21	Northern	99½	—
Texas bds 10s	20	23	Union, Tenn	51	52
Schuyl N 1st	38	40	Planters, Tenn	47	—
" 5s	—	40	Vicksburg	12½	13
" 6s	58	—	Com, Natchez	5	7
" 6s '68	34½	39½	N O Gas Bk	117	—
Lehigh N 6s	61	62	Schuyl Nav	14	15
" 1st loan	62	64½	Lehigh Nav	16	19
" Mort 6s	87	88½	C & Del Cl	70	80
" Cl Scrip	79½	80	Morris Cl	8½	9¼
C & Del Cl 6s	85½	85¾	Penn & Ohio Cl	34½	—
C & Am R bds	95	96	Union Cl	—	10
Bea Mdw R	60	—	Cam & Am R	—	140
Susqueh Cl 6s	56	57	Penna R	18	20
Norrist'n R 6s	72½	—	Bea Mdw R	20	20½
Harrisburg R 6s	63	63½	Lykens Val R	25	—
Wil R 6s	86½	88	North Am Cl	—	12
Read R 6s	45½	46	Susqueh Cl	10	—
" Mort 6s	52	—	Norristown R	13½	14
U S Bk Notes	—	80	Harrisburg R	38	38½
U S Bk Shares	3½	3¼	Wilmington R	38	38
N Amer Bk	131	—	Reading R	11½	11¾
Penna Bk	224	229½	N J Copper	1½	1¾
Philadelphia	121	—	Allegheny Cop	—	4

Ledger.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Jan. 22.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,200 head. Beeves are selling from $5,50 to 6,75 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 1,000 in the market, all sold at prices varying from $5 to 6. Cows—About 100 in the market, prices as follows: $25 to 40 for fresh, $15 to 25 for springers, and $8 to 15 for dry. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4, the latter from $1 to 3.

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

The Tobacco market, says the Baltimore Patriot, continues dull, and very little doing in Maryland or Ohio. The quotations have not changed for some weeks past, and we therefore continue them as follows, viz:—Maryland, $2,50a3,00 for inferior and common; $3a3,75 for good common; $4a6 for good; $7a13 for fine and better qualities; common Ohio $3a5,50; good $4,50a6; fine red and wrappery $6,50a9; fine yellow $9a11; and extra wrappery $10a13. The inspections of the week are 105 hhds, including 104 Maryland and 1 Ohio.

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1849.

CALIFORNIA.

The latest advices from California are calculated to still further increase the gold fever. The Washington Union contains a letter received at the Department of State, from Lieut. Larkin, dated Nov. 16th. He states that the gold is increasing in size and quality daily—that he has himself examined several pieces of the precious metal weighing from one to two pounds each, and has heard of several lumps being found weighing sixteen pounds each, and of one lump that weighed twenty-five pounds. The Lieutenant further says:

Many men who were, comparatively speaking, beggars last June, are now worth twenty thousand dollars, accumulated by digging and trading with the Indians. One hundred dollars is considered an ordinary day's work. From July to October nearly one half of the diggers were sick with fevers, though there had not been many deaths. The Indians trade an ounce of gold dust for a common calico shirt. Others sell it at ten dollars per ounce for specie. The gold region is known to extend three hundred miles, and the probability is, that it extends to the distance of one thousand miles.

A letter from Com. Jones states that things are in a deplorable condition. Anarchy prevails. Even his officers are disposed to desert for the gold regions. Several petty officers and seamen have already deserted his ship. He says that the Indians are selling gold dust at fifty cents per ounce.

From other sources we learn that the difficulty of getting hands for vessels, and the desertion of those already employed still continues. The U. S. ship of-the-line Ohio, is one hundred and fifty hands short, and sailors still deserting. The populations of Oregon and the Sandwich Islands are rapidly pouring into California. Provisions are very scarce, and almost any price is paid for them in the currency of the country—gold dust. Board cannot be obtained for less than four dollars per day. Washing is six dollars per dozen. Merchants' clerks get from two to three thousand dollars per annum.

A correspondent of the New York Herald insinuates that all the government officers now in California, from the Governor down, are digging for gold, *night* and *day*. Of course, the whole gold region is so lighted up by the shining dust—a perfect earthly milky-way—that digging proceeds quite as rapidly in the night as in the daytime.

Perhaps it may be well to top off the foregoing with something of a different character. The Boston Traveller says that a gentleman connected with the U. S. Corps of Engineers, which has been ordered by the Government to California, stated a fact that may be of service to those persons who are touched with the "yellow fever." Calling recently upon a distinguished chemist in New York, he was told that five parcels of *gold*, from California, were sent to the chemist to be assayed. One of the parcels was found to be nearly pure gold; the remaining four parcels, valued at $80,000, upon trial were not found to be worth 80 cents; and the chemist expressed his opinion that one-fifth only of the dust gathered in the gold regions would be found of any value.

How cut down the poor fellow who had lugged the "four parcels" all the way from California must have looked. When Uncle Sam's assayers get out to the gold district, many a reputed millionaire will probably sink into poverty and insignificance.

MR. BENTON'S OPINIONS.

The following is an extract from a recent speech of Senator Benton's upon the California Bill, which Bill proposes to have the mineral lands sold in two acre lots:

These washings are called in Spanish *placer*, from the Latin *placere*, to please; because it is a pleasing thing to find the shining gold under one's feet. But it is a transient pleasure. There is no fee simple in it; there is not even a life estate in it; not even a lease for a year, a month, a week or a day. The pleasure is soon gone. Exhausted *placers* now exist in New Mexico, formerly yielding much, now some twenty five or fifty cents a day, and only pursued by the poorest Mexicans. Regular mining has followed there, and is now yielding considerable quantities. These washings of California are marvellously rich; for we have to believe what is certified to us by so many witnesses; but they are not the richest that ever were seen. Far from it. Those of Brazil, in the mountains, back of Rio Janeiro, in the time of Lord Anson's voyage, say one hundred years ago, were far richer; and yet they have been exhausted so long that all memory of them is lost, and their history only lives in old books. Two millions sterling—ten millions of dollars—were annually sent to Europe, for years, from these washings. They were worked by slaves, who, to secure their fidelity and industry, were usually allowed by their masters all the proceeds of the day above a given amount; and in that way many slaves became rich, purchased their freedom, and then bought slaves of their own, lived in splendor and opulence, and laid the foundation of families. Yet these washings are exhausted, time out of mind; and so will be those of California, and the sooner the better. I am a friend to a gold currency but not to gold mining. That is a pursuit which the experience of nations shows to be both impoverishing and demoralizing to a nation. I regret that we have these mines in California; but they are there, and I am for getting rid of them as soon as possible. Make the working as free as possible. Instead of hoarding, and holding them up, and selling in driblets, lay them open to industry and enterprise. Lay them open to natural capital—to labor—to the man that has stout arms and a willing heart. Give him a fair chance. Give all a fair chance. It is no matter who digs up the gold, or where it goes. The digger will not eat it, and it will go where commerce will carry it. The nations which have industry—which have agriculture, commerce and manufactures,—they will get the gold, provided always that they keep out small paper money. Not sales, but permits, is the proper mode to follow, and the only practicable mode.

Board of Health—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 115—adults 54, and children 61.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 16th, Mr. Douglass submitted an amendment to his bill providing for the admission of California into the Union as a State. In submitting this amendment, Mr. D. remarked, that he trusted it contained such provisions as would obviate existing objections against the original bill. The amendment was read and ordered to be printed.

A resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Naval Affairs to inquire into the expediency of constructing a Navy Yard at Key West.

The Senate then took up the bill extending to assignees of military land warrants the same privileges for locating them as the original holders.

The bill was warmly opposed by Messrs. Breese, Westcott, Badger, Niles, Benton and others.—These gentlemen contended that the passage of this bill would injuriously affect the interests of such soldiers as had not parted with their warrants.

Mr. Westcott moved to re-commit the bill for amendment. The motion was adopted.

The bill settling land titles and claims in California and New Mexico, and for other objects, was next taken up.

Mr. Breese made a long and able speech in reply to Mr. Benton's speech of the previous day.

At the conclusion of his remarks, the motion submitted by Mr. Benton yesterday to re-commit the bill to the Committee on Public Lands, was adopted, with instructions to inquire into the expediency of adopting the bill drawn up by Mr. Benton.

On the 17th, Mr. Niles' Postage Bill was under consideration. Numerous amendments were offered—and some agreed to. The bill as originally reported contains one very objectionable provision, and we think it will hardly pass the House, even if it does the Senate, without alteration.

On the 18th, no business of great and general importance was transacted.

On the 19th, Mr. Douglass moved (which was agreed to) to take up the bill providing for the establishment of a territorial government in Minesota. The merits of the bill were discussed somewhat at length by Messrs. Douglass, Butler, King, Dodge, and others. The bill finally passed first, second, and third readings.

On the 22d, Mr. Dix presented a series of resolutions which had passed the Legislature of the State of New York, instructing her Senators and recommending her Representatives, in Congress, to vote against the extension of slavery to the new Territories—against the boundary line claimed by the State of Texas—and against slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia.

Mr. Dix moved that these resolutions be laid on the table. The motion was adopted.

Mr. Rusk, of Texas, moved to have the resolutions printed, as, when printed, an opportunity would be afforded Senators to discuss their merits. This motion was opposed by Messrs. Yulee, Jefferson Davis, Turney and Downs, and supported by Messrs. Dickenson, Foote, King, Butler, Berrien, Douglass, Niles, Felch and Baldwin. Carried by 45 nays to 10 nays.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 16th, Mr. Tuck asked leave to introduce a resolution in favor of a Congress of Nations, to settle existing disputes. Not agreed to.

A number of bills from the Senate were then taken up. One granting a pension of fifty dollars a month to Major Scantland, who was badly wounded in Mexico, was warmly advocated by Mr. Barrow. The bill, after being opposed by Messrs. Mullen and Turner, passed final reading.

The House then resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Smith, of Indiana, chairman, and took up the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Murphy being entitled to the floor, addressed the committee at length on the amendment relative to a change in the present system of computing mileage. He took occasion to review with great severity the mileage publication which had appeared in the New York Tribune, and broadly accused Mr. Greeley of perpetrating the same enormity which he had charged on others. He said that Mr. Greeley had made out his own mileage account, and judging him by the same standard which he had judged others, he had charged too much.

Mr. Greeley rose to explain. He said that he made out his mileage account as he thought correctly; but, afterwards, discovering that he had been in error, he made out a second and a corrected one which he thought would pass the scrutiny of the House.

[This explanation of Mr. Greeley was received with a roar of laughter by the House.]

Mr. Richardson, from the Committee on Mileage, made a statement which fully sustained Mr. Murphy in all the remarks he had made.

Mr. Sawyer followed in a retrenchment and reform speech on an infinite variety of subjects. He was in favor of abolishing whipping in the Navy—was opposed to appropriations for Naval Hospitals—for improving the District of Columbia—for Chaplains to Congress—and for the Coast Survey. His remarks drew forth a running discussion, in which Messrs. Nichol, McLane and King, of Massachusetts, participated, who pointed out the necessity for those appropriations, particularly those for the Marine Hospitals and the Coast Survey.

The amendments relative to mileage were next considered.

Mr. Morse contended that if a distinction was to be made, it should be made in favor of those who resided at the greatest distance from the seat of government.

Mr. Murphy—What is the expense of the journey from New Orleans to Washington?

Mr. Morse—One hundred dollars. May I now ask the gentleman what is the expense of the journey from New York to Washington?

Mr. Murphy—It is ten dollars, and I get ninety dollars for mileage.

Mr. Morse—My expenses are one hundred dollars, and I get two thousand! [The House convulsed with laughter.]

After some further remarks, the committee rose and the House adjourned.

On the 17th, Mr. Wentworth addressed the House with considerable warmth upon the disposition which the members evinced to stave off all claims on private bill day. Many of these claims, he said, were of a just and urgent character, and no good excuse could be offered for not acting upon them promptly. In this way private bills and claims were postponed from session to session, to the great injury, if not ruin, of the parties concerned.

The House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Smith, of Indiana, in the chair, and took up the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill. The amendments respecting mileage were briefly discussed by Messrs. Brown, of Mississippi, Schenck, and others. Mr. Schenck offered an amendment allowing each member $2,000 per session, and ten cents a mile for travelling expenses, instead of the present pay and mileage. Adopted.

On the 18th, after discussion by Messrs. Toombs, Henly, &c., the resolution of the Committee on Printing, in favor of printing one thousand extra copies of the Secretary of War's report relative to the Survey of Buffalo Harbor, was adopted.

On motion of Mr. Vinton, the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Smith, of Indiana, chairman, and took up the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill.

An amendment was offered by Mr. Mullen, proposing the same appropriation for the support of Wisconsin Territory.

The amendment led to a warm discussion, participated in by Messrs. Vinton, Duer, Boyden, Thompson, of Indiana, Johnson, of Arkansas, and others.

It was contended by the opponents of the amendment that there was no such Territory as Wisconsin—that it was now a sovereign State—and that New York, Pennsylvania, or any other State could, with the same propriety, ask for an appropriation from Congress for the support of its Government.

A vote was taken and the amendment rejected.

On the 19th, after the transaction of the usual morning business, Mr. Dixon offered a resolution instructing the Committee on Commerce to report what they might deem suitable measures to prevent California gold from being carried into foreign countries for the purposes of sale or coinage.

In offering this resolution, Mr. Dixon alluded to the reports—deemed in the main authentic—which had reached this country, of the almost inexhaustible deposits of gold in our newly acquired territory of California. If these discoveries were to result to the advantage of our Government, and the country at large, it was high time that Congress should act in the matter and pass such measures as the peculiar exigencies of the case demanded.

The resolution was adopted without a division.

Mr. Giggin made an ineffectual attempt to get up the Post Office Bill.

Being private bill day, the Speaker announced as the next thing in order, the motion to reconsider the vote rejecting the Pacheco slave case claim.

Mr. Toombs, being entitled to the floor, went into an explanation of the merits of the case in a very earnest manner. He said that neither party who had taken sides on this bill, was entirely right. In their eagerness, he said, to sustain themselves in the positions which they had assumed, foreign and irrelevant questions had been brought into the discussion, which had produced precedents and authorities to show that the claim was just.

Mr. Duer briefly replied to the single point advanced by Mr. Toombs, and concluded his remarks by moving the previous question. The motion was sustained.

The question recurring on the motion to reconsider the vote rejecting the Pacheco Claim, it was decided in the affirmative—yeas 98, nays 92.

The bill was then put on its passage. On the question shall the bill pass final reading, the yeas and nays were called, and decided in the affirmative—yeas 101, nays 94.

So the Pacheco bill passed the House a second time. In the course of the debate it was stated that the time lost in discussing the merits of this bill, amounted to *ten thousand dollars*. It was also stated that the claim would not exceed one thousand dollars.

The House then went into Committee on the bill for establishing a Board of Commissioners to settle private claims against the Government.

Mr. Rockwell addressed the House at length in favor of the bill. He said that every civilized nation in the world had a Board of Commissioners similar to the one proposed. It was well known to the House that private claims were accumulating from session to session, and unless some measure was adopted similar to the one proposed, it was utterly impossible to dispose of this branch of the public business.

The Committee rose and reported progress.

On the 20th, very little business and of no great importance, was transacted.

On the 22d, Mr. Cobb, of Alabama, offered a resolution to take out of Committee of the Whole, and place before the House, the bill refunding to Alabama the moneys advanced by that State to her volunteers who were sent to Mexico.

[The resolution was received with shouts of laughter from all sides of the House. The Speaker finding it impossible to preserve order, the question was put by members rising. Mr. Cobb, who is a very tall gentleman, was seen stalking, Saul-like, through the House, waving his hands, with great animation, to the members to rise, until he finally succeeded in getting all the members to their feet. The boisterous but good-natured confusion that prevailed during the "getting up scene" beggars all description—some members laughing—some shouting—some crying out, "Go it, Cobb!"—"there's another one!"—"no dodging!"—"fool for luck!"—"keep at it!"—"never give up!" &c., &c.]

The bill being placed before the House, Mr. Cobb offered an amendment, and attempted to make a few remarks of an explanatory character, but the merriment and confusion was so great that he found it impossible to proceed.

Finally the bill and amendment passed the House, by a unanimous vote—the members scarcely knowing what they were voting for.

Mr. Flournoy moved to suspend the rules for the purpose of introducing a resolution retroceding the District of Columbia to Maryland; yeas 77; nays 114.

On motion of Mr. Gaines, the bill granting Capt. Dan Drake Henry two thousand dollars and two sections of land, was taken out of Committee of the Whole, and placed before the House. It passed final reading by a vote of—yeas 122, nays 55.

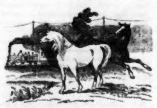
Mr. Gaines asked leave to introduce a petition of Cyrus Hill, and others, of the city government of Washington, praying the abrogation of the slave trade in the District of Columbia.

Objections being made, Mr. Gaines withdrew his motion. The House then adjourned.

Western Railroads.—Two great railroad enterprises are now engaging the attention of the people of the West and South-West—the Mobile and Ohio, and the Cincinnati and St. Louis Roads. From the Mobile papers, we perceive that the stock of the first named road has been largely subscribed for, and the two first instalments paid in: the books were to be re-opened on the 10th inst., in Mobile. Large meetings have been held in Cincinnati and St. Louis, and active measures adopted to ensure the success of the road projected between these cities.

The Northern and Southern Methodists.—The Committee appointed by the last Methodist Episcopal General Conference, at Pittsburg, to consider the application of the Southern section of the Church for a division of the Church property, have rejected the application according to the advice of eminent legal counsel. The Southern Church will now bring suit in the United States Courts.

General News.



INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

It has been claimed for North Carolina that she was the first to throw off British allegiance by the Declaration of Independence of Mecklenburg County, but the authenticity of "the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence" has ever been a subject of controversy among literary men. Mr. Jefferson regarded the document as spurious, and characterized the pretence of the existence of such a paper as "a very unjustifiable quiz." But the researches of Mr. Bancroft, in the State Paper Office of the British government, have thrown new light on this interesting subject, and will, we think, have the effect to establish the claim of the old North State, of having been the first to move in the cause of colonial independence. He has discovered a copy of the resolves of the Committee of Mecklenburg sent over to England by Sir James Wright, then Governor of Georgia, which show that Independence was first proclaimed in North Carolina in May, 1775. The letter of Sir James Wright, referred to by Mr. Bancroft, closes as follows:

By the enclosed paper your Lordship will see the extraordinary resolves of the people of Charlotte Town, in Mecklenburg County; and I should not be surprised if the same should be done everywhere else.

The prediction was soon verified by the result.

Spelter not Gold.—The Hartford Times says very large quantities of *spelter solder* have been sent to California on speculation. It is dropped in water, when hot, by which means small scales are formed, resembling almost exactly the gold dust or scales of Feather River. It is one of the vilest cheats of the day. We are informed that six barrels of this stuff were sent out in one ship from New York; and also that some has been sent from Hartford. The game is to sell this base metal to the gold hunters, as they arrive in California. The Times says that inasmuch as there is little or no law in California, it would be well *to shoot the rascals* guilty of such a fraud.

The Mississippi Frozen.—The great river of the West has been entirely frozen over, this last bout, from St. Louis to within twenty-five miles of Cairo. The ice, however, was not very thick. This casualty is supposed to have resulted, in part, from the tranquillity of the river, arising from the unusually few steamers plying up and down. The Memphis papers speak of the Mississippi as comparatively deserted, and they wait for the disappearance of the cholera to see the prows and paddle wheels of commerce once more churning up the face of the father of waters.

☞ There is not a better manure than sawdust soaked with the house slops.

Miscellaneous.

WALL STREET OPERATIONS.

If you wish to hear a little specimen of Yankee cuteness, just listen to this colloquy, which we heard the other day in the counting house of a mercantile friend:

"A man kind o'picks up a good many ideas abeout. I larnt a few in Wall Street."

"In Wall Street?"

"Yes; 'see, I studied it eout while I was stage-drivin'. I got a little change together; didn't know where to place it; couldn't hire it eout hum, 'cause I was pleadin' poverty all the time; that, 'see, wouldn't deu; so I goes deown and claps it in the Dry Dock Bank; got five per cent., tew. Had a brother thair who was teller. One day I 'gin a check for fifty dollars: all right. At last the bank got in trouble: I had some four or five thousand dollars: I goes to my brother and drawe eout my money; he pays me in Bank of —— notes. Well, I took 'em hum, but they forgot to take eout my check for fifty dollars. So I goes, and, sez I, 'I owe you fifty that you haint charged me; will you take your own notes?'

"Sartin," sez they; so I pays them in notes that I bought at twenty-five off.

"That's a good spec," sez I; so I goes areound and buys up abeout tew hundred Dry Dock notes. When I got to the city I couldn't pass 'em off. I tried a good many banks—no go. At last they creowded me off the pavement in Wall Street, the creowd was so big, and I stood in the middle of the street, and *cal'lated*. "I've got the idea," sez I; "I'll come country over 'em." So I walked in the Bank of ——, took off my hat, and looked areound as if I didn't know what I was abeout. I know'd the cashier; so he comes up:—

"Sam!" sez he, "what neow?—how's the family?"

"All well," sez I; "but what's the matter with your banks? I don't know who to depend on. Here's your neighbor, the Dry Dock's gone, and may-be *you'll* go next; and I've got abeout five thousand dollars of your money; and I guess I'll come deown and draw the specie." I expect I must a-looked as if I was frightened to death; for he said to-once,

"Deont do that, Sam!" sez he; "you'll frighten the hull country, and they'll come and run us."

"Can't help it," sez I;—"Here's abeout tew hundred dollars of the Dry Dock, if I don't get the money *somewhere* before I go hum, I'll draw on you seoon."

"Heow much?" sez he.

"Abeout tew hundred."

"We'll take it, Sam," sez he, "and you keep our paper."

"Well," sez I, "on that condition I'll keep still." I guess I made my twenty-five per cent. eout of Wall Street that time, "if I *am* Dutch," as the sayin' is!—There is not a great deal of *honest* financiering done in Wall Street that is more shrewdly performed than was this "fair business transaction."

Political Intelligence

PENNS'NIA LEGISLATURE.

In looking over the proceedings of our Legislature for the last week, we note the following proceedings of interest:

Petitions for the repeal of all compulsory laws in relation to the inspection of beef and pork.

A resolution (in House) requesting the Committee on Ways and Means to enquire into the expediency of taxing old bachelors for the benefit of the common school fund.

A resolution (in House) instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to enquire into the expediency of reporting a bill providing for the election of Judges of the Supreme Court, District Courts and Courts of Common Pleas by the people. Lost; yeas 45, nays 51.

A resolution (in House) directing the Committee on Vice and Immorality, to report a bill imposing a tax upon all venders of malt liquors, except those who have tavern licenses. Adopted.

A resolution (in Senate) that the Committee on the Judiciary enquire into the expediency of authorising all the different Inspectors appointed by the Governor to be elected by the people. Adopted.

A bill (in Senate) to repeal the Act incorporating the Erie and Ohio Railroad Company. Adopted by the following vote:

Yeas.—Messrs. Brooke, Crabb, Cunningham, Forsyth, Frick, Harris, Hugus, King, Konigmacher, Lawrence, Levis, Matthias, Rich, Savery, Small, Darsie, Speaker—16.

Nays.—Messrs. Best, Boas, Brawley, Johnson of Erie, Overfield, Potteiger, Sadler, Smyser, Sterrett, Stine, Streeter—11.

A resolution (in House) that the Committee on Banks, in the investigation of the affairs of banks that are applying for charters or additional capital, shall have power to send for persons and papers, and to take testimony if necessary, which was read twice and adopted. Reported by Mr. Cooper.

Resolution (in House) by Mr. Evans, of Chester, instructing the Committee of Inland Navigation to bring in a bill authorizing the Canal Commissioners to construct a route to avoid the Philadelphia Inclined Plain. Postponed for the present.

Motion (in House) by Mr. Gittenger, to instruct the Committee on Education to revise the School Laws so as to make them more comprehensive and definite, which passed.

Bill authorizing the payment to Mrs. Shunk of a certain sum, being the balance of the salary of the late Executive. Adopted by both Houses.

The Governor was duly inaugurated, with the usual parade and ceremonies.

Meeting Between Taylor and Clay.—The New Orleans Delta has the details of the first meeting of General Taylor and Mr. Clay. They met on board the steamer Princess, and while at dinner the General recognized Mr. Clay, without the latter knowing him. After the first salutation, Mr. Clay remarked, "Why, General, you have grown out of my recollection." "You can never grow out of mine," replied General Taylor. Mr. Clay then congratulated him on his election to the Presidency, and hoped that his administration would be as successful as his military career had been. The General thanked him and said, "I am not President, yet." The interview was most social throughout. Mr. Clay appears to have recovered his health.

Ohio.—The difficulty in this State seems to be settled. The joint committee have reported that Ford, Whig, has 300 majority for Governor. A majority of the committee express their decided opinion that Ford has been fairly elected Governor, but a minority differ in relation to certain facts.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

A friend inquires whether a man cannot *vote by Telegraph*. This is a question for political *wire-workers*. Our own opinion is, that it depends entirely upon the regulations of the *poles*.

General Taylor and Mr. Fillmore have both taken rooms at Coleman's Hotel, in Washington. Large preparations are in progress for a grand inauguration ball. An immense booth is to be built in Judiciary Square, for the occasion, capable of holding ten thousand people.

The Legislature of Missouri has at last agreed to accept the share of the surplus funds to which that State became entitled, under the Distribution Law of Congress, passed some years since. It is to be appropriated to the building of a Lunatic Asylum.

Senator Calhoun fainted at the Capitol on the 19th, and was conveyed to his lodgings in a carriage. Mr. Calhoun was similarly attacked the previous day also.

The Northern Star states that the recent donation of land made by Gerritt Smith to colored men has added some 3,000 men to the voters of New York—property to a certain amount being required.

The New Orleans papers of the 15th instant, give an account of an interview which had taken place between Gen. Taylor and Hon. Henry Clay—their first meeting. The meeting was cordial in the extreme.

The long-delayed inauguration of Gov. Ford, of Ohio, took place on the 22nd.

The Whig members of the Legislature of Kentucky have met in caucus, and nominated Honorable Henry Clay for United States Senator. A letter has been received from Mr. Clay, in which he expresses his willingness to accept the nomination. It is understood that Mr. Clay will accompany General Taylor on his route to the seat of Government.

Resolutions against the Wilmot Proviso and other kindred measures, passed both Houses of the Legislature of Virginia, on Saturday last, by large majorities. In the House, the vote was for the resolutions 117 to 13 against them.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 1st to the 8th January.

January 1, received from

L. Runyon	$50 00	E. Vance	5 00
S. Rambo	5 00	D. Cameron	6 00
W. Crawford, Jr.	2 00	J. W. Moore	5 00
J. R. Parrott	2 00	Edgerton & Scoby	1 00
S. Walter	5 00	P. C. Hassell	6 25
J. McKnight	2 00	A. Langworthy	10 00
D. Treadwell	1 00	U. S. Hubbard	6 25
C. C. Preston	2 00	C. Smith	5 00
Col. T. Williams	5 00	T. R. Haskell	24 00
H. Conrad	2 00	W. H. Cuyler	24 00
P. Berlin	2 00	J. Osborn	2 00
P. C. Wheeler	2 00	D. B. Bogue	40 00
F. Bickle	21 00	C. B. Mott	30 00
A. Lester	15 00	V. W. Weaver	20 00
A. Warthen	25 00	J. R. Gregg	5 00
W. De Pew	5 00	J. Miller	2 00
A. W. Morgan	2 00	G. G. Nearly	1 25
R. H. Gates	14 00	H. S. D. Myton	1 00
D. K. Kellerman	5 00	R. Barker	1 00
N. S. Andrews	2 00	G. McHaynie	5 00
W. R. Fouhward	2 00	H. J. Holmes	10 00
J. B. Evans	5 00	K. Hinckley	5 00
S. C. Casey	6 25	W. Hellyar	4 00
W. Jones	20 00	W. Totten	2 00
J. J. Starks	6 00	J. Eder	31 00
Horr & Smith	4 00	C. Pate	7 00
H. K. Nutz	2 00	H. J. Paddock	10 00
W. Rose	1 00	J. Enos	2 00
S. Gavitt	5 00	Mrs. J. B. Landon	4 00
Miss C. C. McIntosh	1 50	M. Noel	5 00
C. L. Jones	2 00	W. Taylor	5 00
T. Morgan	1 00	G. M. Elliott	5 00
Dr. E. H. Andrews	2 00	T. P. Johnston	2 00

January 2.

Rev. J. H. Kennard	2 00	F. Tomlinson	13 00
D. Ryan	2 00	M. Miller	1 00
J. B. Stapler	31 00	J. Moore & Co.	20 00
N. W. Palmer	20 00	J. Darlington	26 00
T. K. Middleton	1 00	J. S. Hunter	15 00
J. Magill	2 00	J. Barclay	2 00
Mrs. M. Bliss	3 00	M. H. Miller	4 00
Eliza Ogelby	2 00	W. Price	5 00
J. Deisinger	2 00	U. Homan	2 00
W. Richardson	1 00	J. M. Lane	20 00
J. Yeaser, Jr.	10 00	R. Stebbins	5 00
W. K. Foster	11 25	A. Bliss	5 00
G. Lewis	5 00	D. Weaver	5 00
W. D. Smith	2 00	A. Jones	7 00
J. P. Staiter	2 00	C. Dennis	2 00
E. W. Gerrish	43 00	Miss J. M. Hutton	10 00
F. Shomacher	10 00	C. W. James	50 00
S. Bell	15 00		

January 3.

W. D. Jones	4 00	W. C. Noyes	2 00
Mrs. M. Beatley	2 00	S. T. Parmelee	2 00
J. A. Moore	5 00	H. Stiles	2 00
O. Evans	1 50	D. Neil	21 00
Dr. C. Sturdevant	1 50	C. W. Felder	5 00
J. White	40 00	E. W. Parker	5 00
B. Wels	11 25	Miss S. A. Pearce	2 00
J. E. Kendall	5 00	J. Cain	10 00
J. Easton	2 00	C. Sigler	1 00
T. Webb	8 00	Miss A. C. Bachman	2 00
B. Bryant	10 00	S. Wood	11 00
G. B. Hinds	5 00	J. A. Eakin	10 00
J. Beale	5 00	A. L. Boone	32 00

January 4.

Miss H. Randall	3 00	A. Wallin	2 50
W. Fulkerson	2 00	T. Nalton	13 00
J. Grubbs	2 00	J. S. Lang	10 00
Mrs. A. C. G. Green	2 00	J. Moore	6 25
V. M. Barnes	2 00	J. Meecham & Co.	32 00
M. A. E. Bowers	2 00	F. B. Wallace	5 00
J. Hutton	2 00	H. A. Smith	10 00
E. F. Snyder	2 00	J. Jeanes	2 00
S. W. Golden	1 00	J. R. Worrell	2 00
R. T. Boswell	31 00	F. & W. Perrott	2 00
W. Gibson	5 00	R. W. McGear	1 00
W. H. Walker	4 00	S. L. Holliday	1 00
B. B. Atkinson	1 25	E. Barton	1 00

January 5.

J. Goldey	1 00	J. Johnson	2 00
J. Beresford	1 00	L. Stout	1 00
J. Potts	2 00	W. M. Cooper	1 00
Mrs. L. Morris	1 00	J. Cassiday	1 00
C. Large	2 00	H. Seesholtz	1 00
W. B. Cook	1 00	M. Reifsnyder	1 00
G. Barnard	2 00	A. J. W. Reese	1 00
A. A. Southworth	1 00	A. H. Bullen	4 50
J. Snyder	2 00	S. S. Bulkley	1 25
S. Funk	1 30	A. P. Megrath	27 00
T. Benninghaus	2 00	J. W. Aspell	2 00
C. Lewis	15 00	B. G. Prescott	20 00
J. Robertson	13 00	W. Barton	2 00
C. Gable	2 00	B. Wilber	4 00
B. F. Staley	5 00	B. Vanderwecker	2 00
J. L. Case	5 00	R. W. Lukens	2 00
T. H. Bakewell	21 00	B. H. Jenks	2 00
R. Carter	10 00	O. F. Adams	2 00
J. McCreight	15 00	S. Puleston	2 10
R. Bowland	2 00	P. Plank	2 00
W. P. Stump	10 30	Mrs. J. Lyon	2 00
G. F. Hupp	2 00	J. Ewing	2 00
A. Miller	1 00	J. Martin	2 00
C. Miller	1 00	W. J. Vanderbogart	2 00
J. S. Graham	9 00	S. Roberson & Co.	5 00
J. Hibbard	2 00	W. Cox	2 00
J. Murray	2 00	J. B. Foster	2 00
Mrs. C. Hubbell	1 00	J. G. Vawter	2 00
G. Lurckenback	1 00	Mrs. M. J. Sears	2 00
J. E. Knorr	1 00	J. Atchison & Co.	7 50
D. A. Hall	1 00	E. A. Reeder	2 00
J. Dobbins	1 00	H. Powell & Co.	4 00
A. H. Pritchett	2 00	P. R. Adams	2 00
L. McGlue	2 00	M. E. Smith	3 00
E. B. Leeds	1 00	Miss M. J. Smith	2 00
W. Evans	1 00	E. B. Beckwith	2 00
J. Byran	2 00	E. F. Emerson	2 00
D. Brown, Jr.	1 00	F. Marble	3 00
J. Buchanan	1 00		

January 6.

D. Hume	21 00	A. F. Houpt	6 25
Mrs. A. K. Allison	2 00	E. Jackson	25 00
D. Porter	4 00	L. Larned	5 00
A. W. Graves	5 00	J. B. Evans	5 00
J. Penman	5 00	H. Lewis	5 00
W. H. Falconer	2 00	J. K. Cowley	10 00
N. Hallowell, Jr.	2 00	W. S. Clift	2 00
Miss L. Hull	3 00	L. Pierce	2 00
R. Spinney	5 10	J. B. Squires	2 00
A. H. Fuch	20 00		

January 8.

E. B. Rounds	10 00	J. H. Simmons	2 00
Mrs. B. Van Vleet	3 00	A. Robbins	2 00
B. Van Vleet	5 00	J. A. Loffin	2 00
H. Clark, Jr.	10 00	E. Hayhurst	2 00
J. L. Grant	1 00	V. Leonard	1 00
C. Williams	15 00	A. Carter	5 00
F. Keyes	5 00	Dr. S. H. Allen	5 00
S. Nicholls	1 25	J. S. Leech	2 00
W. Marsh	5 00	J. B. Brown	5 00
H. Bullock	1 00	S. Weaver	3 00
Z. C. Crowell	6 25	W. Gilmore	4 00
J. E. Hollister	21 00	J. Whiteley	5 00
T. C. Parker	5 00	J. Hamilton	6 25
G. W. Bryant	5 00	J. L. Hays	25 00
W. E. Clarke	4 00	T. U. Ramsey	5 00
W. Daimy	2 00	W. L. Dozier	10 00
W. Wells	4 00	W. Heavey	5 00
B. F. Reimond	10 00	J. M. Paschall	2 00
J. C. Cassell	15 00	A. L. Young	2 00
D. O. Roberts	5 00	J. Freeland	1 00
W. H. Grove	5 00	S. Grady	10 00
E. Vance	5 00	W. D. Clark	5 00
L. Gessner	10 00	W. Lamsright	5 00
P. Frazier	2 00	H. B. Warren	5 00
J. G. Fox	2 00	J. Gilpin	2 00

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER.
No. 34 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, January 27, 1849

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	13 dis
Girard do.	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	1 dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1½ dis
Erie	2½ dis
Susquehanna county	2 dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	1 dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Middletown	1 dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	closed
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Or'nge, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dov'r, Rawway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del Bridge	90 dis
Yard Del Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	2 dis
Salisbury	uncertain
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	1 dis
Hagerstown	1 dis
Havre-de-Grace	1 dis
Far and Millersb'k	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	½ dis
Canal bk, Albany	40 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Oswego	30 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
James bank	1 dis
Atlas bank	10a15 dis
State bk—Saugerties	1
Northern Ex. bk	1 dis
Country banks	1 dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis

NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branches	1 dis
Far. Bk. & branch	1
ValleyBk. & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bk. of Mill.	2 dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	2 dis
Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	3 dis
Country banks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	[illegible]
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO.	
Bank of Wooster	90 dis
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	3 dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	3 dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	1½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	90 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	4½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	5 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners' bank	—

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hawse, John W. Armstrong, James Taylor, E. M. Stevenson, and W. Ramsey.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

R. MORRIS & Co., are our travelling agents in Mississippi.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Penna.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. for New York State.

FRANCIS SHEPHERD, do. do. for the Eastern States.

JACOB H. HASSENFLUG, do. do. in Pennsylvania.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. in New York and Canada.

GEO. H. BAXTER, do. do. in Illinois.

J. L. SPROGLE, do. do. in Ohio, &c.

CHAS. W. SARTORI is our only Collector for New Jersey.

WM. WHITE, Jr., Raleigh, N. Carolina, is Agent for this paper.

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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

EAST BOSTON, May 23d, 1847.

Mr. S. W. Fowle—Sir: I have seen so much of the virtue of "Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry," that I feel it my duty to add my testimony in its praise. My son, about 14 years of age, has for the last ten months been afflicted with a severe cough, pains in the side and body, and a gradual wasting, until he was but a mere living skeleton. I had had the advice of three physicians, but none of them could give him any relief, and gradually, yet surely, he seemed to be sinking into the tomb. Happening accidentally to see some of your "Free Almanacs," we felt as though the Balsam would help him, as there were some cases that had been cured when they were as bad as he was. I therefore procured a bottle of Dr. Kidder, the Agent in this place, and before he had used all of it he began to grow better, and by using three bottles his cough was all gone, and he is now enjoying *good health*, for which he is solely indebted, through the blessing of God, to WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

WM. DIXON.

Dr. Kidder says the article has given universal satisfaction to his customers.

Caution.—The *original and only genuine* Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry was introduced in the year 1838. For ten years it has proved more efficacious as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption in its incipient stages than any other medicine. In consequence of its unbounded popularity this article has been extensively *counterfeited*. Remember, *the original and only genuine article* always bears the written signature of I. Butts on the outside wrapper. Originally prepared by Williams & Co., Philadelphia. Now prepared and sold wholesale and retail only by Seth W. Fowle, Boston, Mass., to whom all orders should be addressed, and for sale by his agents, Chas. Shaffer, 215 Market st., Fredk. Brown, corner Fifth and Chesnut, and Geo. K. Smith & Co., 294 North Second street, Philadelphia.

And by Druggists generally throughout the United States.

ALMANAC.

Jan 1849	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
27 Saturday,	7 5	4 55	4 25	
28 Sunday,	7 4	4 56	5 14	D. H. M.
29 Monday,	7 3	4 57	6 3	
30 Tuesday,	7 1	4 59	6 52	First 2 2 33
31 Wedn'sday,	7 0	5 0	7 46	Full 8 5 42
1 Thursday,	6 59	5 1	8 42	Last 16 1 43
2 Friday,	6 58	5 2	9 40	New 24 9 58
3 Saturday,	6 57	5 3	10 38	First 31 11 27

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Jan. 14,	40	40	40
15,	37	39	40
16,	38	31	42
17,	39	40	42
18,	23	26	27
19,	29	23	27
20,	22	32	34

Married,

At Mercersburg, Pa. on the 14th of Dec. last, by the Rev. Mr. Philips, the Rev. Thomas T. Iaeger, of Reading Pa. to Miss Mary Ann Polngrove, of the former place.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Joel Haywood, Mr. Daniel Worden, to Miss Isabell H. Chamberlin, both of Union Township, Monmouth county, N. J.

At the same time and place, by the same, Mr. Samuel Wilkins, of Camden, N. J. to Miss Harriet Worden of the above named place.

On the 14th inst. by the same, Mr. Ezra Soper, of Waretown, to Miss Hannah Rosetta Cranmer, of West Creek, all of Monmouth county N. J.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. John A. Roche, Mr. Peter F. Hallman, to Miss Sarah A. Minkel, both of Philadelphia.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. George W. Stringfield, to Miss Mary M. Stringfield, both of South Penn Township.

On the 16th inst. by Ald. John Apple, Mr. Abraham Harrison, of Lancaster county, to Lydia Moor, of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Brainerd, Mr. John J. Cafferty, to Miss Annie Moloney, all of Philadelphia.

On the 15th inst. by Friends' Ceremony, Herman Quackenboss, to Keturah L. daughter of Philip Price, all of this city.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. James H. Fowles, D. D., Ridgway W. Robbins, to Fanny, daughter of the late J. Howe, Esq. of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Thomas S. Malcolm, George O. Evans, to Martha J. daughter of Joseph McMullen, Esq.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. George R. Moore, of Dauphin, Dauphin county, Dr. Philip S. P. Whiteside, of Milford, Perry county, to Miss Mary E. Simpson, of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Dr. W. Lord, Mr. Andw. McFarland, to Miss Martha Crawford, all of Philadelphia.

On the 16th inst. by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of Ald. J. Mitchell, Henry M. Temple, to Harriet Jenkins, both of Camden, Kent county, State of Delaware.

Died,

In North Attleboro', Mass. on the 3d inst. of the lung fever, Mr. Geo. W. Douglas, of Philadelphia, aged 25 years.

On the 17th inst. Miss Ann A. Brady, aged 21.

On the 17th inst. Martha Jones, aged 78 years.

On the 20th ult. at Unadilla, N. Y., Peter Steinburgh, formerly a resident of this city, aged 58.

At Baltimore, on the 11th inst. Elizabeth Nicholson, wife of John Barney, Esq. aged 55 years.

On the 8th inst. at Rock Port, Frank Comly, son of John P. Cox, aged 3 years.

On the 10th inst. in Mauch Chunk, Mrs. Elizabeth Kent, wife of Wm. H. Sayre, Esq.

In this city, on the 18th inst. Elisha D. Ely, of Rochester, N. Y. aged 36 years.

At Pittsburg, on the 13th inst. Catharine S. wife of J. O'Hara Denny.

On the 17th inst. James Findlay, Jr.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. Martha J. wife of Charles Lincoln, aged 21 years.

On the 15th inst. Mary Ann, daughter of Wm. and Elizabeth Anderson, aged 9 months.

On the 17th inst. Hugh Hardy, aged 72 years.

On the 17th inst. Miss Elizabeth Barnes, aged 35.

On the 17th inst. Eliza J. M'Cherry, aged 4.

On the 17th inst. Michael Reedman.

On the 13th inst. Elizabeth Sergeant, daughter of Saml. and E. S. B. Abbot, aged 5 years and 4 mos.

Miss Sarah A. Glenn, aged 37 years.

On the 16th inst. Mr. Daniel Maguire, aged 40.

On the 16th inst. Mr. Harry Bewer.

On the 17th inst. Rebecca Hutton, aged 21 years.

On the 16th inst. Mrs. Eliza A. Walter.

On the 17th inst. Robert Elliott, Jr. aged 22.

On the 16th inst. Mr. John Love, aged 40 years.

On the 17th inst. James Kelly, Jr. aged 17 mos.

On the 18th inst. Sarah Theresa, daughter of Wm. and Elizabeth Hinkle, aged 2 years and 3 months.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. Caroline Schulz, aged 77.

On the 15th inst. John Bresland, aged 76 years.

On the 14th inst. Tamar K. Howell, aged 68.

On the 16th inst. John Scott, aged 17 years.

On the 16th inst. Anna M. Buchanan.

Mrs. Mary Darland, aged 64 years.

On the 16th inst. Henry, son of Henry and Levinia Barndt.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. Hannah Brackland, aged 83.

On the 14th inst. Mary Stukens, aged 83 years.

On the 14th inst. Mr. Ernest Knoll, aged 51.

SECOND EDITION OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for January will be ready in a few days, when all orders for that No. can be supplied at once.

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And then you would look like those beautiful girls
We saw the other day admiring Hauel's vases,
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"Husband," says the wife, "Jules Hauel is the man
Whose Curling Fluid will effect what nothing else can;
It always curls the hair, where nature has denied it;
'Twill not fail, I'm positive—all my friends have tried it."

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It may be as well to mention that we can find a fashion for the Ladies every month which writers might do also if they dared to go to the expense.
Two Bridal Toilet Tables.
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It will be seen by the above and what is to follow, that the January No. was not a snow No.—and it will be seen by future Nos. whether any of our contemporaries will keep up with "the Gem of the Monthlies."

Some of the contents:

"Timothy Pettigrew's Wife's Husband," by Miss Leslie.

The Irish Patriots, by Grace Greenwood. The Gossips of Rivertown, by Mrs. Neal. American Characteristics by T. S. Arthur. Articles by W. G. Sims, E. A. Poe, Hon. J. Leander Starr, Mrs. E. O. Smith, R. Coe, Jr., and 45 other contributors.

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⁂ Newspapers copying this advertisement, *entire*, well displayed, as above, without any alteration or abridgement, (including this notice,) and giving it six *inside insertions* shall receive a copy of any one of our $2.50 or $1.00 works, (*subject to their order*), by sending direct to the publisher.

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1849.

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I. O. O. F.

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Their power over the above diseases is not excelled, if equalled, by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures in this city attest, in many cases after skilful physicians had failed.

DERANGEMENT OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH are sources of insanity—from disorder or obstruction a morbid action of the sympathetic and other nerves follows, and the functions of the brain are impaired and deranged; derangement there will also produce disease of the *Heart, Skin, Lungs, and Kidneys.* It is owing to the same cause that thousands die with *Cholera, Bilious or Yellow Fever,* and that most baneful disease, *Consumption.*

The Liver—Its office is to secrete bile, and to separate all impurities from the blood. Then how necessary for the health is the proper performance of this function; if diseased, it cannot purify the blood,—which, if sent to the lungs, brain, and other parts of the system in a morbid condition, will cause *Jaundice, Insanity, Consumption, &c., &c.,*—and by withholding the stimulus from the intestines, produce *Dyspepsia, Piles*, and many other complaints.

The Stomach is an important organ in the economy, as upon it you depend for the success and all the advantages to be derived from the administration of internal medicines. Its functions are of the utmost importance to every one, as it constitutes the source and fountain of life, which is—nutrition. No organ possesses such remarkable sympathies, none such remarkable power in modifying every part of the system.

These Bitters are entirely vegetable, and free from Alcoholic Stimulant, Syrup, Acids, and all Mineral and injurious ingredients, and will in every case permanently destroy costiveness, and give strength and vigor to the frame, at no time debilitating the patient, being also grateful to the most delicate stomach under any circumstances.

WEAK AND DELICATE CHILDREN

Are made strong by using them. In fact, they are a family medicine, and can be administered with safety to a child one year old, the most delicate female, or a man of eighty.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Spirit of the Times, of June 24th, says:—"Do our good citizens, who are invalids, know the many astonishing cures that have been performed by Dr. Hoofland's celebrated German Bitters? If they do not, we recommend them to the German Medicine Store, 278 Race street; all who are afflicted with Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, or Nervous Debility; the Doctor has cured many of our citizens, after the best physicians had failed. We have used them, and they have proved to be a medicine that every one should know of, and we cannot refrain giving our testimony in their favor, and that which gives them greater claim upon our humble efforts, they are entirely vegetable."

The Philadelphia Democrat, of June 23d, says:—"We would call the attention of the public, particularly the indisposed, to Dr. Hoofland's celebrated German Bitters. They can be had at 278 Race street. This medicine has an extraordinary virtue and efficacy, and is in great demand. We can speak from experience, that it has produced many wonderful cures."

The Daily Sun says:—"It is one of the best medicines of the age for Jaundice and Liver Complaint."

The Daily News says:—"For diseases of the Biliary, Digestive and Nervous System—it has not, we think, an equal."

Neal's Gazette says:—"Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters we know to be an excellent article, fulfilling in every respect what is claimed for it by the advertiser."

For Sale Wholesale and Retail at the principal depot

GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,

No. 278 Race Street, one door above Eighth, Philadelphia, and by John F. Long, Lancaster—D. W. Gross, Harrisburg—Wm. Thorn, Pittsburg—Jno Ritter & Co., Reading—J. H. Eustace & Son, Richmond, Va.—and by respectable dealers in every town in the United States. my 6-ly

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N. E. Corner Sixth and Brown Street,
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WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for *Style, Durability* and elegance of *Finish* can not be surpassed by any in the *country*. Workmen of celebrity are engaged and the best materials used.

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N. B.—Omnibuses run from the exchange past the factory every few minutes. WM. D. ROGERS.

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THE SUBSCRIBER HAS A VERY SUperior assortment of goods in the above line, to which he would invite the attention of the public. His facilities for procuring his watches, &c., are such as to enable him to retail as low as some of the so called cheap stores pay at wholesale. Instead of buying on time, his practice is to purchase at *nett cash*, whereby a large discount is saved. The public may be assured that all articles sold by him will prove to be what they are sold for, or they may be returned. The price always being governed by the quality.

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	" Lepine " from	25 00 to 40.00
	Silver Levers, "	from 17.00 to 35.00
	Plain and Lepine, "	from 6.00 to 14.00

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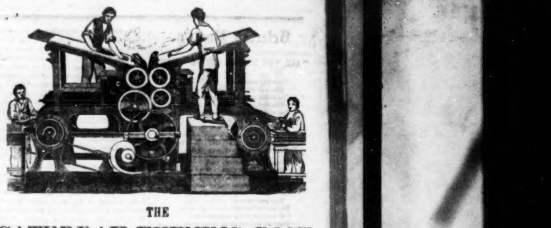

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.
A MAMMOTH PAPER.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

☞ *This Paper contains from one-fourth to one-half more than the generality of Two Dollar City Weeklies.* ☜

The Publishers of the Saturday Evening Post would respectfully call the attention of the public to their long established paper. The POST is *now* a paper of the very largest size; only one other paper in the country being, it is believed, of equal dimensions. It is nearly entirely filled with carefully chosen Original and Selected Tales, Sketches, Moral Essays, Biographies, Scientific Notices, Agricultural Information, News, Editorial Remarks, and Miscellaneous Matter of all kinds calculated to instruct and amuse.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

J. BAYARD TAYLOR and GRACE GREENWOOD are regular Correspondents of the POST.—The letters of the former are beautifully written; while those of the latter are universally allowed, by the best judges, to be equal in wit, sprightliness, and general intellectual force and vigor, to the best productions in a line in which gifted women are apt to excel.

T. S. ARTHUR and other writers of merit, are also engaged as regular contributors. We have now a thrilling story, or rather Novellette, on hand from Mr. Arthur, which we expect to publish before many months, called "THE CHILD STEALER." Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS likewise has a Story in hand for the readers of the POST.

PORTRAITS AND PICTURES.

In addition to the vast store of reading matter, we give nearly every week one or more PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN, or Pictures of an interesting character. In the course of the last year, we have given Portraits of Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Dupont de L'Eure, Odillon Barrot, Cavaignac, Thiers, Guizot, Arago, Gen. Greene, Gen. Twiggs, Gen. Knox, Mitchell, (the Irish Patriot,) Smith O'Brien, T. F. Meagher, Louis Blanc, Capt. Marryat, late Archbishop of Paris, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Archduke John of Germany, the President of Sicily, &c., &c., &c.; besides numerous attractive Pictures of various descriptions.

NEWS, THE MARKETS, &c.

We shall always endeavor to lay the latest News before our readers. Our BANK NOTE LIST is *corrected weekly*, and a full and accurate account of the MARKETS, SALES OF STOCKS, &c., also weekly given. These Departments are made up from the most reliable sources.

A MORAL PAPER.

We shall be especially careful to maintain for the POST an unblemished name; so that parents may unhesitatingly put it into the hands of the younger members of their households—while, in the Editorial columns, we shall ever war, as heretofore, with the immoral publications of the day.

NEUTRALITY.

The POST is neutral in Politics, and free from all sectarian bias in religion. But it does not interpret neutrality to mean *deadness*; knowing that sensible readers would rather run the risk of having their "corns" trodden on occasionally, than that their weekly visitor should fail in spirit, liveliness and mental vigor.

FINALLY.

The POST is determined to keep the lead it has taken in the Newspaper world. It has the advantage of possessing the largest kind of a Subscription List, of the best quality, *and it will not be surpassed by any rival.* Whatever others may *promise*, the POST will not be outstripped when it comes to *performance*.

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The terms to single subscribers are $2.00 per annum, in advance; $3.00, if not paid in advance.—For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 3 years.

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In order to accommodate the large number who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following low terms for Clubs—to be sent, in the city, to one address; and, in the country, to one Post Office:

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8	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$10.00
13	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$15.00
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TWO COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Fountain, (containing 350 pages of original letter press, and 8 of Sartain's best Magazine engravings,) for FOUR DOLLARS.

A PREMIUM.

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1848, and the 1st of November, 1849, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

Salem, Ohio, took the premium last year, with only 129 subscribers.

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☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a fair notice of the paper, and insert our list of terms, in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive our thanks.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the Publishers by letter, *post paid*.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Saturday Post.—We have to congratulate our friends Edmund Deacon & Henry Peterson, upon the elegant appearance of their enlarged paper, which is now the very pearl of the literary weeklies. The literary reputation of the Saturday Post is widely known, and its circulation has been steadily increasing. It has our sincerest good wishes for its success, *for we think it has done much towards correcting the taste of the newspaper reading public.—Phila. North American and United States Gazette.*

The Saturday Evening Post *is now the best paper of the kind that comes under our observation.—Franklin Democrat, Greenfield, Mass.*

We have always considered the Post as one of the best of papers, filled with good reading, and not the trash with which a number of the city papers abound.—*Chicopee Telegraph.*

The original and selected articles of the Post are *generally better than those in any other paper.* If any of our readers want the best general weekly in the country, we say subscribe for the *Post.—Syracuse Democrat.*

The Post may justly be called the handsomest, best, and cheapest paper in the United States.—*Niagara Iris.*

One of the regular excellencies of this paper consists in the high moral tone running through its editorials and selections, which make it a valuable fireside companion.—*Centre Democrat.*

The Post always ranked among the best family Newspapers of the country, and now that it is decidedly the largest and most handsome, will soon take the lead of its contemporaries.—*Reading (Pa.) Gazette.*

The Post is one of the few literary papers of the day, in the columns of which discrimination is made as to the moral character and tendency of the literary matter published.—*Allegheny County Advocate.*

Although the Post was, before its enlargement, the best family paper in our exchange list, and in fact the best one we know of, still we think it has been greatly improved. The dress of the paper cannot well be surpassed; its typographical appearance is clear and bold. We have no hesitation in saying that the Post is decidedly *the best and cheapest weekly paper published.—Catskill (N. Y.) Messenger.*

The Post came to us last week enlarged *eight several columns*, and looking most splendid! There is no question but that it is the *best* family newspaper published in Philadelphia.—*Northern Democrat, Montrose, Pa.*

We repeat the expression of our opinion that the Post is the best paper of its class in Philadelphia.—*Penna. Republican, York, Pa.*

Saturday Evening Post.—This old and splendid weekly has recently been enlarged to the genuine mammoth size, has acquired strength and spirit since its enlargement, and is now one of the raciest and most original Weeklies ever issued in the United States, or the world. The amount and variety of talent employed on its columns, when we consider its extremely low price, is really surprising. The number for the present week is spicy with wit and sparkling with genius.—*Philada. Sun.*

Saturday Evening Post.—Not the least interesting portion of this paper to us, is to be found in its editorials, which are always written with ability, a fearless frankness in regard to the right, and an utter disregard of the world's wrong opinions, which mark a mind well-balanced and true. The Post keeps a steady march in the way of increase of subscribers, as we know—a success it well deserves from its own merits.—*North American and United States Gazette.*

As a family journal, it is surpassed by none with which we are acquainted.—*Independent Democrat.*

LECTURES.

O. H. PARTRIDGE, M. D., No. 195 Spruce st., Philadelphia, proposes giving a course of Sixteen Lectures on DISEASES OF THE SKIN, to commence about the 1st of January.

Dr. P. continues to give his particular attention to the treatment of Diseases of the Throat, Scrofula, and Diseases of the Skin. Office hours, 9 A. M., 1 P. M. and 7 P. M. dec23-3m

ROOT AGAIN TRIUMPHANT!—Silver Medal awarded by the Franklin Institute for the best Daguerreotypes.—Root's Gallery continues to add to its reputation, for the best and most beautiful likenesses that the bright sun has ever placed between gold and silver. The interest in these striking developments of this magical art continues to increase; and M. A. Root's rooms are daily thronged by the fashion, beauty and taste of the city. His specimens, at the Franklin Institute, elicited universal admiration, and must be seen to be appreciated.

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THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVING PURCHASED the stock and business of the late firm of Isaac Pugh & Co., respectfully solicit the public generally to call and examine their stock, consisting of every variety of style and description of paper and price, both foreign and domestic.

It is useless to enumerate styles, qualities or terms. Suffice it to say we consider our papers equal to any made in this country. Call and satisfy yourselves.

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CHARLES OAKFORD,

No. 104 CHESNUT STREET, Philadelphia, would respectfully invite attention to his superior style of Hats for autumn, 1848; which will be found the most perfect ever before offered to the community. Its peculiar forms renders it the more desirable, as it combines all the essentials of durability and neatness, requisite in that article of dress, whilst his increased facilities in manufacturing, with all the modern improvements, enables him TO CHALLENGE THE WORLD to produce a better Hat.

CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS AND CAPS OF THE LATEST MODE.—These goods have been selected with great care, and will be found most beautiful and chaste in their styles.

LADIES' RIDING HATS AND CAPS OF ENTIRELY NEW PATTERNS.—Great care has been bestowed in constructing these articles, that they may fit perfectly easy, and form a graceful appearance.

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FURS.

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Selected Poetry.

"ALL THY WORKS PRAISE THEE."

The moon-beam on the billowy deep,
The blue wave rippling on the strand,
The ocean in its peaceful sleep,
The shell that murmurs on the sand,
The cloud that dims the bending sky,
The bow that on its bosom glows,
The sun that lights the vault on high,
The star at midnight's calm repose:
These praise the power that arch'd the sky,
And robed the earth in Beauty's dye.

The melody of Nature's choir,
The deep-toned anthems of the sea,
The wind that tunes a viewless lyre,
The zephyr on its pinions free,
The thunder with its thrilling notes
That peal upon the mountain air,
The lay that through the foliage floats
Or sinks in dying cadence there;
These all to Thee their voices raise
A fervent voice of gushing praise.

The day-star, herald of the dawn,
As the dark shadows flit away,
The tint upon the cheek of morn,
The dew-drop gleaming on the spray;
From wild birds in their wanderings,
From streamlets leaping to the sea,
From all earth's fair and lovely things,
Doth living praise ascend to Thee.
These with their silent tongues proclaim
The varied wonders of Thy name.

Father, Thy hand hath formed the flower,
And flung it on the verdant lea,
Thou bad'st it ope at summer's hour,
In hues of beauty speak of Thee!
Thy works all praise Thee; shall not man
Alike attune the grateful hymn?
Shall he not join the lofty strain,
Echoed from harps of seraphim?
We tune to Thee our humble lays,
Thy mercy, goodness, love, we praise.

Interesting Essay.

NATIONALITY.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Nationality is one of the most mischievous words in the dictionary. It has occasioned the bitterest wars related in history, and at this moment is setting all Europe by the ears. Peace—wealth—home—family: these trifles may go, and their moan is soon made, but let us fight to the last for our nationality! I wonder what nationality means?

A nation being an aggregate of individuals, its mind must be formed of numerous different opinions and shades of opinion, and its manners exhibit the same variety. One would think that there could be no common rallying-point here; but the fact is otherwise. One aggregate is different from another aggregate, just as one individual is different from another individual; and climate, soil, government, and a thousand other and more obscure circumstances, give a distinguishing tone even to the diversities of a nation. Among these circumstances, not the least, perhaps, is physical constitution, transmitted, as regards a people, in the same way as family likeness, moral and personal. It matters not what difference there may be in the social condition of the members of the community; rich and poor, noble and mean, all bear a certain resemblance to each other, and all have done so from the first period of their congregation. The fighting Roman of ancient times was not more different from the trading Carthaginian, than is the volatile Frenchman of to-day from the steady Englishman. Nationality, therefore, or nationalness, as it used to be written, is the expression of the common idiosyncrasy: it is, in fact, the egotism of a nation.

An individual who does not assert his own rights, cannot love right for itself; and if he is tender of the right of others, this can only spring from fear or temporary interest. It is not the assertion of right, however, that constitutes egotism, but the assertion of self in totality. An egotist values a thing because it is his; an opinion, because it is he who holds it; and not on account of any intrinsic worth or wisdom in what he values. Such a character is devoted to ridicule by the common consent of mankind; and perhaps it is time to inquire whether there is anything that should exempt the egotism of a nation from being placed in the same category. May not the reverence with which we view nationality arise in some degree from our moral perceptions being confused by its complication?

When a smaller nation is absorbed in a greater, before weeping over ruined nationality, or girding on our sword to fight in its rescue, we should inquire what general civilization has gained by the revolution, and what the individual sufferer has lost. Perhaps it has lost a bad government; perhaps it has been freed from feudal oppression; perhaps it has been removed from a position in which society made, and could make, no progress. In this case nationality is mistaken; as mistaken as the Scotch at Culloden; as mistaken as the Highlanders when they refused to abandon their unseemly costume and antiquated language, because these were their own. But nationality rarely reasons. A serf fights for his collar as bitterly as a noble for his estate. At the famous partition of Poland, the country was the property of a handful of landowners, and the masses of the people were merely animals of burden belonging to the soil. But what of that? The serfs were Poles, and they rallied round the national flag, and fought and died in thousands for a cause to which they could not give even the name of Liberty. Such is Irish nationality at this hour. The people starved or neglected by a body of incompetent and generally heartless landlords, desire to have a king and a parliament of these landlords, as a panacea for all their ills!

If there is a mistake, it may be possible to discover what it is. Let us at least stir up the subject. Let us look behind the folds of that worn and clotted standard, beneath which so much blood has been shed, and try to find out what they hide.

The Spartans, in a moral point of view were perhaps the most distinguished people of antiquity, and they had likewise the most nationality. Their little state was the object of universal admiration: contemporary historians conceded to them the superiority over all the Greeks; they carried on for ages a career of unexampled prosperity; and when ancient Sparta was at an end, and they had entered into the regime of the modern world, the remains of their impetus carried them on through the system of states that perished under the Macedonian rule, and afterwards through those of the Achæan league, till they were the last community of Greece which sunk into village insignificance in the empire of Rome. During a great part of their long and lofty career, the nationality of the Spartans must have been of the true sort; and it must have been only by slow degrees that it became diluted or travestied by the contaminations of the vulgar world. Here, then, we may obtain some light. Let us inquire what this peculiar nationality was, and in what it differed from the obviously mistaken nationalities of our own time.

But do not be alarmed. There is no occasion for a dissertation on the institutions of ancient Sparta. The Spartans were not half so proud of their red or purple garments as the Highlanders were of their kilts. They were a little partial, perhaps, to black broth (the national kail or parritch), but even this they would not have made the watchword of liberty. They would not have died for the soup on which they lived, turning away with sickness from turtle and muligatawney. Their pride was in matters of quite a different sort, and how could it have been otherwise with a people to whom the neighboring communities sent for counsellors and commanders, as to a general nursery of statesmen and warriors? Would these governments have sent in the hour of their need to invoke the aid of men who wore red coats, or who were adepts in eating black broth? The nationality of the Spartans was no materialism like this. It was moral and intellectual. It prided itself on energy, penetration, bravery, generosity and self-denial; and a devotion of this kind was found in practice to withstand the revolutions of Greece, and the wear and tear of ages.

"When I observed," says Xenophon, "that this nation, though not the most populous, was the most powerful state of Greece, I was seized with wonder, and with an earnest desire to know by what arts it attained its pre-eminence; but when I came to the knowledge of its institutions, my wonder ceased. As one man excels another, and as he who is at pains to cultivate his mind must surpass the person who neglects it, so the Spartans should excel every nation, being the only state in which virtue is studied as the object of government." What the virtue of that people was, it is foreign to my present purpose to inquire. Let us be satisfied with knowing that it belonged to the character, not the position; that it was moral, not physical; that it did not depend on forms, or dynasties, or native localities, but that, if dispossessed, by force of arms, of their country, the retreating sound of the Spartan fife would have led its unchanged denizens to found a new empire upon new ground, and radiate freedom and wisdom over a new circle of admiring neighbors.

To come from aggregates to individuals: what do we think of the man whose egotism refers only to his coat, or his horse, or his house, or his estate? Do we think much better of him in whom it points to family antiquity, going back perhaps to the progenitor whose talent and valor won those advantages of which his descendant can only boast? In fact, in the case of individuals we have no difficulty. It is only when we come to national complications that we are puzzled, and confound names with things. When a man loses in speculation a house for which he has a high value, either because it was his own acquisition, or because it had been the seat of his family for centuries—or if the house is forcibly removed, to make way for a road or other public benefit—we may pity him for the misfortune, but we never suppose that he has been injured in his moral self. He is the same man as before, with the same moral qualities, the same intellectual powers. Nothing has been changed but those external things in which the experience of the world shows their possessors have no perpetual property. A new shifting of places has occurred, a new arrangement been made—and that is all: perhaps the small revolution turns out for the general good, and we console ourselves with the idea, that private losses are public gains.

The fortunes of nations, or aggregates of individuals, are looked upon with a different eye. With them every thing is to be permanent. Institutions, good, bad and indifferent, must remain intact. The territory lost in the chances of war, or swallowed up in a new system of states, having been once theirs, must be theirs in right forever. Discontent with the changed order of things is virtue; insurrection, however utterly hopeless, heroism; and when the masses of the people wilfully remain, age after age, idle, filthy and starving, we lament their misfortunes, and honor their patriotism.

There can be no watchwords more respectable or more glorious, when properly used, than "country," and "liberty;" but under these names we fight as often for shadows as realities. When called upon to lament a thing that is lost, we should inquire, in the case of nations, just as we do in that of individuals, what is its value? The answer will be received in both cases from the manner and aspect of those who demand our sympathy; for if they have no qualities worthy of respect, they can have lost nothing that deserves to be deplored. It is needless to apply these observations at present to any case in particular. We would rather wait till the grand shuffling of the cards is over, which is now going on in Europe, and then look at the state of the game.

In the meantime, we would confine ourselves to protesting against the abuse of the word "nationality," which really refers to those qualities of a people which defeat cannot take away, and not to external circumstances, perpetually changing in the onward movement of society. Misconception on this point is full of practical mischief. It hinders us from understanding history, and therefore from benefitting by its lessons. It distorts and travesties contemporary events, and fills the world with illusions. Even in private life it obscures our perceptions, and prevents us from distinguishing right from wrong. It invests *our own* country and *our own* countrymen with a fantastic and unreal eminence which provincialises and vulgarises us. If our particular nation is distinguished for anything good or great, let us unite the ideas of the thing and its qualities, and form of that union the standard of our nationality. Thus we shall no longer be confused by associations, and swindled by names, but possess a test whereby to know whom to recognise as compatriots or reject as aliens. J. R.

Humorous Sketch.

A DESPERATE RACE.

A Story of the Early Settlement OF OHIO.

[The following is one of "Falconbridge's" happiest efforts. It hits off to the life the extravagant stories of Western adventure told by the "Longbows," who visit our Western borders.]

Some years ago, I was one of a convivial party, that met in the principal hotel in the town of Columbus, Ohio, the seat of government of the Buck-eye State.

It was a winter evening, when all without was bleak and stormy, and all within were blythe and gay, when song and story made the circuit of the festive board, filling up the chasms of life with mirth and laughter.

We had met for the express purpose of making a night of it, and the pious intention was duly and most religiously carried out.—The Legislature was in session in that town and not a few of the worthy legislators were present upon this occasion.

One of these worthies I will name, as he not only took a big swath in the evening's entertainment, but he was a man *more* generally known than our worthy President, James K. Polk. That man was the famous Captain Riley! whose narrative of suffering and adventures are pretty generally known all over the civilized world. Captain Riley was a fine, fat, good-humored joker, who at the period of my story was the representative of the Dayton district, and lived near that little city when at home. Well, Captain Riley had amused the company with many of his far-famed and singular adventures, which being mostly told before and read by millions of people, that have ever seen his book, I will not attempt to repeat them.

Many were the stories and adventures told by the company, when it came to the turn of a well known gentleman who represented the Cincinnati district. As Mr ——— is yet among the living and perhaps not disposed to be the subject of joke or story, I do not feel at liberty to give his name. Mr. ——— was a slow believer of other men's adventures, and at the same time much disposed to magnify himself into a marvellous hero whenever the opportunity offered. As Captain Riley wound up one of his truthful, though really marvelous adventures, Mr. ——— coolly remarked, that the captain's story was all very *well*, but it did not begin to compare with an adventure that he had "once upon a time" on the Ohio, below the present city of Cincinnati.

"Let's have it! Let's have it!" resounded from all hands.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Senator, clearing his voice for action, and knocking the ashes from his cigar against the arm of his chair. "Gentlemen, I am not in the habit (quite notorious for it!) of spinning yarns of marvellous or fictitious matters, and therefore it is scarcely necessary to affirm upon the responsibility of my reputation, gentlemen, that what I'm about to tell you, I most solemnly proclaim to be truth, an—"

"Oh! never mind that, go on Mr. ———," chimed the party.

"Well, gentlemen, in 18— I came down the Ohio River, and settled at Losanti, now called Cincinnati. It was at that time but a little settlement of some twenty or thirty log and frame cabins, and where now stands the Broadway Hotel and blocks of stores and dwelling houses, was the cottage and corn patch of old Mr. ———, a tailor, who, by the by, bought that land for the making of a coat for one of the settlers. Well, I put up my cabin, with the aid of my neighbors, and put in a patch of corn and potatoes, about where the Fly Market now stands, and set about improving my lot, house, &c.

"Occasionally, I took up my rifle, and started off with my dog down the river to look up a little deer, or *bar* meat, then very plenty along the river. The blasted red skins were lurking about, and hovering around the settlement, and every once in a while picked off some of our neighbors, or stole our cattle or horses. I hated the red demons, and made no bones of peppering the blasted sarpents whenever I got a sight at them. In fact, the red rascals had a dread of me, and had laid a great many traps to get my scalp, but I wasn't to be catch'd napping. No no, gentlemen, I was too well up to 'em for that.

"Well, I started off one morning, pretty early, to take a hunt, and travelled a long way down the river, over the bottoms and hills, but couldn't find no *bar* nor deer. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I made tracks for the settlement again. By and by, I see's a buck just ahead of me walking leisurely down to the river, I slipped up, with my faithful old dog close in my rear, to within clever shooting distance, and just as the buck stuck his nose in the drink, I drew a *bead* upon his top-knot and over he tumbled, and splurged and bounded awhile, when I came up and relieved him by cutting his wizen—"

"Well, but what had that to do with an *adventure*?" said Riley.

"Hold on a bit, if you please, gentlemen—by Jove it had a great deal to do with it. For while I was busy skinning the hind quarters of the buck, and stowing away the kidney-fat in my hunting-shirt, I heard a noise like the breaking of brush under a moccasin up the bottom. My dog heard it, and started up to reconnoitre, and I lost no time in re-loading my rifle. I had hardly got my priming out before my dog raised a howl and broke through the brush towards me, with his tail down, as he was not used to doing, unless there were wolves, painters (panthers) or Injins about.

"I picked up my knife, and took up my line of march in a skulking trot up the river. The frequent gullies on the lower bank, made it tedious travelling there, so I scrabbled up to the upper bank which was pretty well covered with buck-eye and sycamore and very little under-brush. One peep below discovered to me three as big and strapping red rascals, gentlemen, as you ever clapt your eyes on!—Yes, there they came, not above six hundred yards in my rear. Shouting and yelling like hounds, and coming after me like all possessed."

"Well," said an old woodsman sitting at the table, "you took a tree, of course?"

"Did I? No, by —, gentlemen! I took no tree just then, but I took to my heels like sixty, and it was just as much as my old dog could do to keep up with me. I run until the whoops of my red skins grew fainter and fainter behind me, and clean out of wind, I ventured to look behind me, and there came one single red whelp, puffing and blowing, not three hundred yards in my rear. He had got on to a piece of bottom where the trees were small and scarce—now, thinks I, old fellow, I'll have you. So I trotted off at a pace sufficient to let my follower gain on me, and when he had got just about near enough, I wheeled and fired, and down I brought him, dead as a door nail, at a hundred and twenty yards!"

"Then you skelp'd (scalped) him immediately!" said the backwoodsman.

"Very clear of it, gentlemen; for by the time I got my rifle loaded, here came the other two red skins, shouting and whooping close on me, and away I broke again like a quarter horse. I was now about five miles from the settlement, and it was getting towards sunset; I ran till my wind began to be pretty short, when I took a look back, and there they came snorting like mad buffaloes, one about two or three hundred yards ahead of the other, so I acted possum again until the foremost Injun got pretty well up, and I wheeled and fired at the very moment he was 'drawing a *bead*' on me; he fell head over stomach into the dirt, and up came the last one."

"So you laid for him, and—" gasped several.

"No," continued the "member," "I didn't lay for him, I hadn't time to load, so I layed *legs* to ground, and started again. I heard every bound he made after me. I ran, and ran, till the fire flew out of my eyes, and the old dog's tongue hung out of his mouth a quarter of a yard long!"

"Phe-e-e-ew!" whistled somebody.

"Fact, by —, gentlemen. Well, what I was to do, I didn't know—rifle empty, no big trees about, and a murdering red Indian not three hundred yards in my rear; and, what was worse, just then it occurred to me that I was not a great ways from a big creek, (now called Mill Creek,) and there I should be pinned at last.

"Just at this juncture I struck my toe against a root, and down I tumbled, and my old dog, over me. Before I could scrabble up—"

"The Indian fired!" gasped the old woodsman.

"He did, gentlemen, and I felt the ball strike me under the shoulder, but that didn't seem to put any embargo upon my locomotion, for as soon as I got up I took off again, quite freshened by my fall! I heard the red skin close behind me coming booming on, and every minute I expected to have his tomahawk dashed into my head or shoulders.

"Something kind of cool began to trickle down my legs into my boots—"

"Blood, eh? The shot the varmint gin you," said the old woodsman in a great state of excitement.

"I thought so," said the Senator, "but what do you think it was?"

Not being blood, we were all puzzled to know what the blazes it could be. When Riley observed—

"I suppose you had—"

"Melted the deer fat which I had stuck in the breast of my hunting shirt, and the grease was running down my legs until my feet got so greasy that my heavy boots flew off, and one hitting the dog, nearly knocked his brains out."

We all grinned, which the "member" noticing, observed—

"I hope, gentlemen, no man here will presume to think I'm exaggerating?"

"Oh, certainly not! Go on, Mr. ———," we all chimed in.

"Well, the ground under my feet was soft, and being relieved of my heavy boots, I put off with double quick time, and seeing the creek about half a mile off, I ventured to look over my shoulder to see what kind of a chance there was to hold up and load. The red skin was coming jogging along, pretty well blowed out, about five hundred yards in the rear. By —! thinks I, here goes to load, any how. So at it I went,—in went the powder, and putting on my patch, down went the ball about half way, and off snapped my ramrod!"

"Thunder and lightning!" shouted the old woodsman, who was worked up to the top notch in the "member's" story.

"Good gracious! wasn't I in a pickle! There was the red whelp within two hundred yards of me, pacing along and *loading up his rifle as he came!* I jerked out the broken ramrod, dashed it away and started on, priming up as I cantered off, determined to turn and give the red skin a blast any how, as soon as I reached the creek.

"I was now within a hundred yards of the creek, could see the smoke from the settlement chimneys; a few more jumps, and I was by the creek. The Indian was close upon me—he gave a whoop, and I raised my rifle; on he came, knowing that I had broken my ramrod, and my load not down; another whoop, whoop, and he was within fifty yards of me! I pulled trigger, and—"

"And killed *him*?" chuckled Riley.

"No, *sir*! I missed fire, by —"

"And the red-skin," shouted the old woodsman in a phrenzy of excitement.

"*Fired and killed me!*"

The screams and shouts that followed this finale brought Landlord Noble, servants and hostlers running up stairs to see if the house was on fire!—*Great West.*

Wit and Humor.

A Mystery.—The other day our friend Ackerman was called upon to paint a sign on the bricks in front of a store in Third Avenue. He began as follows, between the 2nd and 3rd story windows: "*Dealer in all Sorts of Ladies.*" These words occupied a line, the entire width of the building, and he therefore took down his ladder, which was now too long, and went home to get a shorter one. Some business called him from the job, and the sign remained thus:

"DEALER IN ALL SORTS OF LADIES."

Towards night the next day, the proprietor of the store got "after him with a sharp stick," for ruining him and his family's reputation. Whereupon the painter went forthwith and finished the sign; which now reads in this wise: "*Dealer in all Sorts of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Ready made Clothing.*"—*Cincinnati Advertiser.*

Dutch Politeness.—The French are proverbial for their politeness, but after the following, we are inclined to think the Dutch ain't slow. Passing up street yesterday, our segar happened to MISS FIRE, when accosting a tall Dutchman, who stood upon a corner, convulsively pulling at a "long nine," we politely requested a light. With a bow and a scrape he immediately tendered us his "oak leaf," but it didn't seem inclined to be accommodating, when its owner, with a pleasant smile, exclaimed, thrusting the stump almost into our mouth, "OH, NEVER MIND, SHUST TAKE DIS VUN, IT WILL SCHMOKE PETTER."

Horse Flesh.—The following are some of the mysteries of horse-flesh:—

Intending Purchaser.—But his shoulders are all rubbed raw.

Dealer.—That's blood.

Purchaser.—But he's not got a pound of flesh on him.

Dealer.—That's bone.

Purchaser.—But his knees are broken.

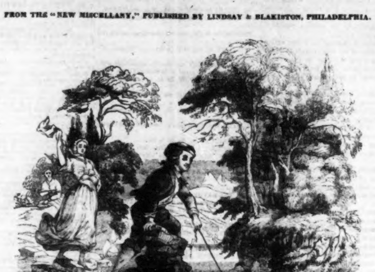
Dealer.—That's spirit.

Purchaser.—But he's dead lame.

Dealer.—That's playfulness.

A Story for the Young.

FROM THE "NEW MISCELLANY," PUBLISHED BY LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, PHILADELPHIA.



LEWIS MORE'S EXPERIMENTS;

OR, KNOWLEDGE AND GOODNESS.

BY MRS. L. C. TUTHILL.

"The kite was raised. A thunder cloud passed over it; still there were no signs of electricity. Doubts, and despair of the result which he had been laboring to establish, began to come over him, when suddenly he observed the fibres of the hempen string bristling up in an erect position. He presented his knuckle to the key, a vial was charged, and several other successful trials were made. What must have been his sensations of triumph at this moment! The experiment was completely successful; his theory was established, and Franklin's name was made immortal."—*Pictorial Life of Benjamin Franklin.*

"Thus died one of the brightest ornaments of English biography; a person whose name is associated with all that is virtuous and benevolent, and who will be remembered with feelings of admiration and respect, for numberless ages in every part of the civilized world."—*Life of John Howard.*

"Philosopher! Philanthropist! Glorious names! I will add them both to my own," said the proud boy of fourteen; "distant ages shall honor the name of Lewis More, as much as our age honors the names of Franklin and Howard!"

When this grand resolution was uttered, Lewis More was seated upon a high rock which jutted out into a river, whose current rushed rapidly by. This rock Lewis had named "More's Promontory." The boy's cap was thrown aside, exposing his fair, broad forehead to the summer's sun, and his bright, gray eyes were intently fixed upon a piece of wood, which floated down the current of the river.

Lewis More was already a philosopher. He was trying an experiment, and a very ingenious one it was. He was measuring the rapidity of the current; and for this purpose he had tied a long line to a piece of board, and from the length of line, and the time that the board took to float the length of it, he could determine the rapidity of the current. The line was 600 feet long, and it floated out the whole length in two minutes and a half; at that rate Lewis made out that it would float three miles in one hour and six minutes. Was Lewis More's calculation correct?

He was somewhat proud of his arithmetical talents, yet he was not superior in this respect to most boys of his age; but he was fond of applying the knowledge he acquired, and that is the true way to become a philosopher.

As Lewis finished this calculation with an air of self-satisfaction, his little sister Mary came bounding over the rocks, and stood beside him.

Sweet Mary More! Her eyes were the color of that deep river, as it reflected the clear blue sky, and her voice was as sweet and as cheerful as the birds in the neighboring wood. In her arms Mary carried a white kitten, with paws as black as jet. She was followed at no great distance by a French servant-girl, carrying a flounced and furbelowed wax-doll.

"Mary, let us give that ugly cat a sail down the river," said Lewis. "Hand her here, and I will tie her on to this board."

"Ugly!" exclaimed Mary; "my pet Lily! She is the most beautiful kitten in the world. You would not be so cruel, Lewis?"

"Cruel!" retorted Lewis. "It is very silly for you to make a mighty fuss about such a treacherous creature as a cat. Do you know she belongs to the tiger race?"

"I do not care what race she belongs to," said Mary, hugging her darling more closely. "I love her dearly, and I would rather you would hurt me than poor Lily."

"Then I will try the experiment upon that French fright of a doll. Here, Marguerite, toss her along, and let me set her afloat."

"No such thing vill I do, you most inhuman monstre!" said Marguerite, running off at full speed with the doll, and, mounting to the top of a huge rock, she stood dancing it in the air.

"Then you shall give me the cat," said Lewis, and with a bound he snatched the kitten from his sister, and proceeded to fasten her upon the board with a leather strap.

"Oh, if you would but take the doll; she cannot feel!" said Mary. "I love Lily better than fifty wax-dolls;" and the great tears rolled out of her beautiful blue eyes.

But Lewis, regardless of her entreaties, continued strapping on the kitten; he then launched her into the water, and as the current bore her away, he shouted,

"Horrah! this is first rate sport."

"I hear her piteous cry," said Mary. "She will certainly be drowned."

"Nonsense!" replied her brother. "I should think, from your doleful lamentation, that she was a beautiful white swan, with the death notes gurgling from her throat. She is nothing but a forlorn kitten, just fit for an experiment. A philosopher would not hesitate a moment about putting her in an air-pump, for the sake of an experiment."

"But she is *mine*, and I love her," said Mary.

Two good and excellent reasons why your brother should not take your pet from you, Mary More; but brothers too soon learn that "might makes right,"—a mischievous, wicked notion—a rhyme without reason.

"Are all philosophers wicked men, Lewis?" asked Mary.

"No, indeed!" replied Lewis. "They are men who try experiments, and make calculations. There, now, I will bring Lily to land."

He rapidly drew in the line, and the kitten, tossing about in the water, was at length drawn alongside of the rock, half drowned.

"Oh, she is dead—she is dead! Poor Lily!" exclaimed Mary, wringing her hands.

"No such a thing; a cat has nine lives," said Lewis. "I will try another experiment to prove that fact."

So saying he took up a large stone.

Mary uttered a piercing shriek. Marguerite came down from her elevated position, and began remonstrating in French.

"Je vous prie—je vous prie, monsieur!"

"Stop your French sputtering," said Lewis. "I am only going to drop this stone upon the board and sink it. I will hold on to the line; besides, it is fastened to the rock. I will draw up the kitten by-and-bye, and prove to you that she has seven lives left."

As he lifted the stone, Mary leaned over the rocky bank so far, that she lost her balance and fell into the river.

The stone dropped from the hand of Lewis, and splashed into the water, at the same instant that his little sister sank to the bottom. She immediately rose to the surface, and as she did so, Lewis plunged in to save her.

He was strong, and an expert swimmer. Seizing the white dress of his sister with one hand, he struggled to get out of the current into the shallow water. He succeeded, and soon reached a spot where the rocks were not so high and precipitous as at the "promontory." Marguerite had placed the doll in a safe place, and then she ran to a flat rock, and throwing herself down upon it, and extending her hands, screamed,

"You vill tear de dress of Mademoiselle Marie—you vill tear it. Oh no tearez pas la robe."

Lewis caught hold of a projecting rock with one hand, and with the other lifted his sister so that Marguerite could take hold of one of her arms, and in this way she was drawn out of the water.

And there lay sweet little Mary More, pale as marble, apparently dead, her long curls streaming over her face and shoulders, and the delicate lids closed over her blue eyes. Lewis was himself so much exhausted by the efforts he had made, that he could not carry his sister, even with the aid of Marguerite, yet his presence of mind did not desert him; he remembered that friction was one of the best remedies in case of drowning, and snatching off Marguerite's mousseline de laine apron, he commenced rubbing her with it, at the same time saying, "Run and scream for help."

Marguerite yelled like an Indian. They were not more than a quarter of a mile from the dwelling house of Mrs. More. Thomas, a gardener employed about the ground, heard the piercing scream, and ran in that direction.

Lewis breathed into his sister's mouth, and kept up the friction till the man arrived. He then wrapped the apron around her neck, and ordered Thomas to take her up, and to run with her as quickly as possible to the house. He did so, and made rapid progress with his lifeless burden; but Marguerite's speed was such, that she reached the house first, and meeting Mrs. More in the hall, she exclaimed, in her broken English, "Mademoiselle Marie be dead in de water—all dead—dead."

Mrs. More ran out the front door, not knowing what to expect, and met the man with Mary in his arms.

"Do not be frightened, mother," said Lewis, who had succeeded in keeping up with Thomas. "Mary is not dead. Have her placed between warm blankets immediately."

No sooner was this done, than Mary opened her eyes, and looking at her brother, said, in a faint voice,

"Where is my darling Lily?"

These simple words went home to the heart of the conscience-stricken brother. He immediately told his mother the whole story; she ordered the servant-man to go for the kitten, and sent Lewis to change his own wet clothing. When he returned, the man had just arrived with the poor drowned kitten, still firmly strapped upon the board.

"Mary, my darling, your little Lily is dead," said her mother. "I would not have you see the poor creature," but ordered Thomas to bury her. "Your cruel brother ought to be severely punished."

"Oh, no, mamma, do not call Lewis cruel; he saved my life," said Mary. "Come, brother, give me one kiss. I forgive you for drowning Lily."

Tears were in the eyes of Lewis More as he stooped to kiss his sister, and he could hardly command his voice sufficiently to thank her for the sweet forgiveness.

"Mother, please speak kindly to Lewis," said Mary. "He was only trying experiments, because he is going to be a philosopher, and a ———, what is that other big word, brother?"

Lewis blushed, but made no answer.

"A philanthropist? Was that it?" inquired Mrs. More, with a smile.

"Yes, yes, that is it. What does it mean, mother?" asked Mary.

"It means a lover of humanity; one who delights in doing good to others," replied Mrs. More. "This was a bad beginning, Lewis, for carrying out such a project."

"I acknowledge it, mother; I am a very silly fellow," said Lewis, "and I will give up all such foolish notions."

"Not exactly," continued Mrs. More. "I fear the truth is, you have more knowledge than goodness; unfortunately, that is too often the case in the present age. It is an excellent thing to be a philosopher, but a still more excellent thing to be a philanthropist. A man may know a great deal, and yet not be a good man. Knowledge is valuable, but still more so if united with a desire to do good. You have begun well for a philosopher; persevere in acquiring knowledge, and in making a practical use of it; but, my dear boy, let this day's sad experience be a warning to you, that the rights and feelings of others are much more to be regarded than the mere acquisition of knowledge, or the gratification of your own curiosity."

IRISH BLUNDERS.

A friend of ours called the other day to see a lady, and was ushered into the parlor by an Irish servant, to whom he gave his card. The poor fellow was left sitting in the parlor for an hour, when he rose to go, meeting the lady of the house in the passage. She was very much surprised, and assured him she had not received the card. Our friend, however, assured her he had given his card to the Irishman. Pat was immediately called up and asked if he had received the gentleman's card?

"An' sure I did," said he, scratching his head with much gravity.

"Well, you rascal, what have you done with it?"

"An' havn't I got the thing in my pocket?"

"Don't you know you must always bring the cards, immediately, up stairs to me?"

"Well," says Pat, "why, the divil, wasn't I going to bring it up, when I had finished my work down stairs? how can a poor fellow do two things at once?"—*City Item.*

Well Said.—A short time since, in Hardfortshire, were written on a grave rail, these lines:

"Remember me as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I;
Therefore prepare to follow me."

Underneath some one wrote—

"To follow you I'm not content,
Unless I know which way you went!"

A Prompt Remedy.—Opie, was painting an old beau of fashion.—Whenever he thought the painter was touching the mouth, he screwed it up in a most ridiculous manner. Opie, who was a blunt man, said very quietly, "Sir, if you want the mouth left out, I will do it with pleasure."—*London Anecdotes: Pictures and Painters.*

Soft Lips.—A lady of fashion inscribed on a pane of glass at an inn at Staines, "Dear Lord D——— has the softest lips of any man in England." Foote coming into the room soon after, wrote underneath—

"Then as like as two chips
Are his head and his lips."

Standing up for the Sex.—At a recent catechetical instruction in one of the churches of this city, the Clergyman gave out the question, "Who committed the first sin?" The boys answered Eve, the girls answered Adam; the answer produced quite a sensation among the Congregation who were present.—*Day Book.*

☞ A person being asked what a ghost said to him, which he pretended to have seen, replied—

"How should I know what he said? I am not skilled in any of the *dead languages*!"

☞ "Has your son Timothy failed?" inquired Gubbins of Stubbins, the other day.

"Oh, not at all; he has assigned over his property, and *fallen back to take a better position.*"

Selected Articles.

FROM THE HOME JOURNAL.

PRESENTIMENT.

BY MISS F. A. FULLER.

My spirit trembled all to-day,
Disturbed by some uncertain ray—
Some transient light, that came and went,
As by a hovering angel sent;
An angel with spread wings and bright,
That sparkled just beyond my sight;
Or some bright star, in cloudy veil,
That flashed soon and then grew pale;
And music, too, I seemed to hear—
Mysterious, but most soft and clear.

I strove to think what this might be,
And swept the chords of memory;
But sad line responded not
The one tone that I had forgot.
Yet the sweet visitant came still,
And touched my heart with sudden thrill,
But would not whisper me its name,
Though oft and o'er it came again
The lovely token baffled still
All efforts of my wish and will.

But when I met thy fair, young face,
And held thy form in my embrace—
The light and music seemed to form
A something loving, breathing, warm.
I saw them in thy violet eyes,
And heard them in thy happy sighs,
And knew 'twas them that all the day
Had haunted me with tone and ray.
Oh! blest am I, that my dim dream
Could such a sweet prescience seem!

'Tis blissful truth—for now I hold
Thy being in love's tender fold,
And know thy soft arms round me twine,
And feel thy warm cheek pressed to mine—
And know that I am near to thee
In spirit and reality.
The trembling light that all the day
Troubled me with its wav'ring ray,
Now gilds my spirit's restless wings,
In showers of starry quiverings.

Affecting Custom.—The means the Greeks always take to ascertain a fact which elsewhere would be insured by a doctor's certificate, is touching in the extreme: the person whom, whilst alive, it was known the deceased loved best, the mother, or it may be the young betrothed, who had hoped to place on her head the gay and bridal crown, instead of the green laurel garland of death, advances and calls her by name, repeating after it the word "ella" (come) several times, in a tone of the most passionate entreaty. If she is mute to his appeal, if she is deaf to the voice dearest to her on earth, then they no longer doubt that she is dead indeed; they cover up the grave, lift their eyes to heaven, where they believe her to be—for the Greeks do not hold to the doctrine of purgatory—and having made the sign of the cross, they depart in silence to their homes. But a year after, on the anniversary of the death, they return to the grave, and kneeling down, lay their lips to the sod, and whisper to the silent tenant that they love her still, and she is yet remembered and regretted.

CROMWELL'S PURITAN ARMY.

The army which now became supreme in the state was an army very different from any that has since been seen among us. At present the pay of the common soldier is not such as to seduce any but the humblest class of English laborers from their calling. A barrier almost impassable separates him from the commissioned officer. The great majority of those who rise high in the service rise by purchase. So numerous and extensive are the remote dependencies of England, that every man who enlists in the line must expect to pass many years in exile, and some years in climates unfavorable to the health and vigor of the European race. The army of the Long Parliament was raised for home service. The pay of the private soldier was much above the wages earned by the great body of the people; and, if he distinguished himself by intelligence and courage, he might hope to attain high commands. The ranks were accordingly composed of persons superior in station and education to the multitude. These persons, sober, moral, diligent, and accustomed to reflect, had been induced to take up arms, not by the pressure of want, not by the love of novelty and license, not by the arts of recruiting officers, but by religious and political zeal, mingled with the desire of distinction and promotion.—The boast of the soldiers, as we find it recorded in the solemn resolutions, was, that they had not been forced into the service, nor had enlisted chiefly for the sake of lucre, that they were no janissaries, but freeborn Englishmen, who had, of their own accord, put their lives in jeopardy for the liberties and religion of England, and whose right and duty it was to watch over the welfare of the nation which they had saved.

A force thus composed might, without injury to its efficiency, be indulged in some liberties which, if allowed to any other troops, would prove subversive of all discipline. In general, soldiers who should form themselves into political clubs, elect delegates, and pass resolutions on high questions of state, would soon break loose from all control, would cease to form an army, and would become the worst and most dangerous of mobs. Nor would it be safe, in our time, to tolerate in any regiment religious meetings, at which a corporal, versed in Scripture, should lead the devotions of his less gifted colonel, and admonish a backsliding major. But such was the intelligence, the gravity, and the self-command of the warriors whom Cromwell had trained, that in their camp a political organization and a religious organization could exist, without destroying military organization. The same men who, off duty, were noted as demagogues and field preachers, were distinguished for steadiness, by the spirit of order, and by prompt obedience on watch, on drill, and on the field of battle.

In war, this strange force was irresistible.—The stubborn courage, characteristic of the English people, was, by this system of Cromwell, at once regulated and stimulated. Other leaders have maintained order as strict. Other leaders have inspired their followers with a zeal as ardent. But in his camp alone the most rigid discipline was found in company with the fiercest enthusiasm. His troops moved to victory with the precision of machines, while burning with the wildest fanaticism of crusaders. From the time when the army was remodeled, to the time when disbanded, it never found, either in the British Islands, or on the Continent, an enemy who could stand its outset. In England, Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, the Puritan warriors, often surrounded by difficulties, sometimes contending against threefold odds, not only never failed to conquer, but never failed to destroy and break in pieces whatever force was opposed to them. They at length came to regard the day of battle as a day of certain triumph, and marched against the most renowned battalions of Europe with disdainful confidence. Turenne was startled by the shout of stern exultation with which his English allies advanced to the combat, and expressed the delight of a true soldier, when he learned that it was ever the fashion of Cromwell's pikemen to rejoice when they beheld the enemy; and the banished Cavaliers felt an emotion of national pride, when they saw a brigade of their countrymen outnumbered by foes and abandoned by allies, drive before it in headlong rout the finest infantry of Spain, and force a passage into a counterscarp which had just been pronounced impregnable by the ablest of the marshals of France.

But that which chiefly distinguished the army of Cromwell from other armies was the austere morality and the fear of God which pervaded all ranks. It is acknowledged by the most zealous royalists that, in that singular camp, no oath was heard, no drunkenness or gambling was seen; and that during the long dominion of the soldiery, the property of the peaceable citizen and the honor of woman were held sacred. If outrages were committed, they were outrages of a very different kind from those of which a victorious army is generally guilty. No servant girl complained of the rough gallantry of the red-coats. Not an ounce of plate was taken from the shops of the goldsmiths. But if Pelagian sermon, or a window on which the Virgin and Child was painted, produced in the Puritan ranks an excitement which it required the utmost exertions of the officers to quell. One of Cromwell's chief difficulties was to retain his pikemen and dragoons from invading, by main force, the pulpits of ministers whose discourses, to use the language of that time were not savory.—*Macaulay.*

The Chronologist.

SCINTILLATIONS OF HISTORY.

COMPILED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EDWARD K. MULL.

Jan. 16, 1556.—The Emperor Charles V., after a long and turbulent reign, resigned, at Brussels, the crown of Spain and other dominions to his son Philip, reserving nothing for himself but an annual pension of 100,000 crowns; and chose for the place of his retreat, St. Juste near Placentia, in Spain.

Jan. 18, 1813.—First battle of the River Raisin, at Frenchtown, between the Americans under Lieut. Col. Wm. Lewis and Lieut. Col. Allen, of the advanced guard of Gen. Winchester's army; who attacked and defeated the British and Indians, and drove them off their ground which they occupied. The Indians as usual, carried off their killed and wounded, except 15 warriors, who were left dead on the field. Of the Americans, 12 men were killed and 55 wounded.

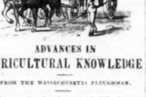
Jan. 23, 1817.—Horrible Massacre of wounded American prisoners at Frenchtown, by the Indians, in whose care they were left, by the British General Proctor. The Indians set fire to the houses in which the wounded lay, and several were burnt and a number tomahawked.

Jan. 19, 1736.—Was born at Greenock, Scotland, James Watt, a philosopher, mechanician and civil engineer. Among many improvements in the arts, the one to which mankind is most indebted, is that of the Steam Engine, whose gigantic powers, through his contrivance and that of Robert Fulton, are now displayed, not only in all the manufacturing towns, in the finest and most delicate manufactures, but on the surface of the ocean and in the deepest recesses of the earth, in propelling and moving unwieldly masses. Though the Marquis of Worcester, and Capt. Savery imparted a knowledge of the power of steam as a mechanical agent, yet the successive improvements of Watt and Fulton, entitle them to the claim of Inventors of the Steam Engine. Mr. Watt died, August 25, 1819.

Jan. 20, 1800.—Died, Thomas Mifflin, a member of the first Congress, a firm patriot of the Revolution, and for many years Governor of Pennsylvania. Mr. Mifflin was of Quaker descent, and a native of Pennsylvania.

Jan. 24, 1822.—Orphan's Asylum, at Philadelphia, burnt before daylight. Twenty-three of the little inmates perished in the flames; a number were rescued by the intrepidity of one of the city watchmen.

Agricultural.



ADVANCES IN AGRICULTURAL KNOWLEDGE

FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN.

The question is often asked, "Do farmers really make any important improvements? Do they adopt any better modes than were practiced 40 years ago? Is grain raised at less cost than in former days? Is hay more plenty? Is farm stock better?"

Such inquirers are not accurate observers.—Farmers have made great improvements within forty years—and more within the last ten than ever before. To prove this we need only to invite the attention of old farmers to facts.

We assert that numerous farms in Massachusetts now produce *ten times* as much merchantable hay as they did with the same acres, or a like number of acres, 40 years ago. Do you doubt? We appeal to practical men who have obtained a living by farming. Many farms with 50 acres of cleared lands, produced no more fine English hay than would feed two horses through the winter—and we know of some that would not yield enough to feed one horse—say three tons of pure hay. But the same farms now produce thirty tons, and fifty tons, in a season. We submit this question entirely to a jury of farmers.

But how is this done? Less than thirty years ago a farmer, near the centre of Framingham, owned 150 acres of cleared land. From 40 acres of his mowing grounds he raised less than ten tons of hay, and that not of the best quality, though grown on dry land. The farm is now cut up and there are many owners. Much of the land that was formerly mown for one-fourth of a ton of hay per acre now produces more than two tons. One of the coarse cranberry meadows which produced less than enough to pay the taxes, now yields as heavy burthens of English hay as any of the best lands in the country.

Well, why were not these improvements made under the former owner. One reason was he had too much land. Another was he did not understand how to convert his bog meadows into good mowing. A third was, a want of knowledge of the advantage of a *rotation of crops*. And a fourth was, a fancy that there was already seed enough in the ground, and that it would not pay cost to buy or to grow good seed for the purpose of sowing.

Many farmers can recollect when one lot was generally kept for mowing—one for "corn and grain"—one for pasturing. And even now, farms for sale are described in old-fashioned phraseology as "well divided into mowing, pasturing, and tillage." The only rotation known was in the corn and rye field. Here was as much *rotation* and variety as the Irishman boasted of at his table—he had pork and potatoes one day, and potatoes and pork the next. Corn grew there last year and rye this year—corn takes its turn again in the following year.

There was no such thing practiced as a general system of rotation of crops. The lands were as fixed as the grades or castes in society now are in Ireland. In ancient English deeds and leases lands were always particularly described as mowing, or tillage, or pasture lands. And this was carried so far in that country that a tenant under a lease of twenty-one years, was held guilty of a breach of contract, and of a species of fraud if he changed mowing lands into tillage, or tillage lands into mowing. The celebrated Chief Justice Coke used to remark that such a practice—such a change—not only injured the farm by diminishing the crops—but that it changed the description of the leased farm, and might consequently prejudice the title, as the farm would not correspond with the deed!

By a better knowledge how to improve the most worthless bogs—by rotation of crops—and by procuring the best grass seeds farmers in Massachusetts now harvest ten times as much good hay as they did forty years ago. Now as hay is the most important of all the harvests of New England an increase of ten fold in this product is no small matter. It is worth talking of and remembering. And it is worth our while to inquire whether farmers have done all this simultaneously and by reflection in their own closets, or whether they have been learning from one another—whether there has been a miraculous change, or whether the agricultural papers have not caused an epidemic that is spreading among all classes who cultivate the soil.

A consequence of this improvement in the hay harvest is, we raise better cattle and they bring more money. Often seven feet in the girth are now as common as were oxen of six feet. Cows are better kept, and consequently give milk during a greater portion of the year. They now go dry but two months instead of four.

Horses are kept better and perform more labor—they are very commonly kept at hay through the whole year—and thus they are able to do twice as much work as when they were turned out to pasture through the summer.

Whether farmers now lay up more money than formerly is another question. Our habits of living are much more expensive than they were, and men who hire farms are obliged to pay more rent. But the owners of real estate are all directly benefitted by this increased production. Farms are held higher, and they pay greater rents, and actual laborers are now paid higher wages than they have ever before received—while the clothing costs them less than at any former time.

Corn and the English grains have not been increased as English hay has. It now costs quite as much to produce a bushel of corn or grain as in years long past. The first settlers here made it their business to supply themselves with bread from their own fields. Corn and rye were their favorite grains, and they took especial care to lay up stores of these as essential to their very existence. Indian corn was almost worshipped by farmers who had often come to the last bushel before the new harvest commenced. And it was held to be immoral to pluck any of the green ears for roasting or boiling, because they would give less nourishment in this state than when ground into meal.

But though it may cost as much as ever to grow a bushel of corn on account of the high price of labor, there can be no question that we produce more corn per acre than we did in former times. We make our lands richer, as we save more manure. We grow heavy crops, and it costs us much to harvest them. We grow less rye, and buy more wheat flour. Probably we harvest less corn, in proportion to our cleared acres, than we did forty years ago.

HORSE RAKES.

Gentlemen:—I see in your paper a question from a subscriber, asking which is the best of one horse hay rakes. The best kind is the Patent Revolving Hay Rake, which, with one man and horse, will rake from fifteen to twenty acres of ground in a day. It can be used to advantage on quite rough ground.

The above rake may be obtained at the Agricultural Warehouse of A. B. Allen & Co., 191 Water street, New York City. T. T. C.
Bound Brook, N. J.

THE POTATO ROT.

A correspondent at Warrenham, Pennsylvania, writes us as follows:

I am still further convinced that light showers on the warm earth, in certain stages of the growth of potatoes, causing a high state of fermentation, is the cause of the potato rot. I was in Illinois last summer, where the people said the rot was before unknown, the season was showery, and the rot general. A. D.

Cultivation of the Tea Plant in the Southern States.—Mr. Junius Smith has transmitted the following letter to the Secretary of the S. C. State Agricultural Society, in relation to the first experiments at tea planting in South Carolina. We shall view the result with much interest:

Greenville, Dec. 27, 1848.

Dear Sir:—I beg you will tender my grateful acknowledgments to the State Agricultural Society of South Carolina, for electing me an honorary member of their society, and thus associating my name with the great and permanent interests of the State. I purposely delayed answering your favor of the 3rd inst., until I could place before you facts which may be worthy of notice in your journals, as identifying the time when the cultivation of the tea plant and of tea seed was introduced for agricultural and commercial purposes into this State, and, I may add, into the United States.

The first seed was sown, or rather planted, in this town, on the 15th and 16th inst. In consequence of the delay in transportation from Columbia, the plants did not arrive here until Saturday evening, the 23rd inst. In the meantime, a small lot of land was taken, and the necessary preparatory measures provided, to be in readiness for their immediate planting. Yesterday, one case containing eighty plants, was put out, all in good condition. Another case was opened, and a dozen plants taken out to complete the rows; of them, four were of doubtful vitality, and were placed in the infirmary to nurse. The weather is foul to-day, and the planting of the remaining five hundred plants will be continued so soon as the weather will permit, and will not occupy more than two or three days.

Yours, truly, JUNIUS SMITH.
Col. E. M. Seabrook, Sec'y of State Agricultural Society.

Pigs—Pigs.—A written statement is made to us that Mr. Jacob R. Flagg, of Sherburne, has a sow that has brought *fifty-eight* pigs at four litters—the three last litters of fifty pigs she had in eleven months. The first litter of eight were all raised—one litter consisted of twenty, and nine were raised.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

The Olio.

The President of France.—Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, elected President of the French Republic, December 10th, 1848, was born in Paris, April 20th, 1808. He is now, therefore, in the forty-first year of his age.

He is the third son of Louis Bonaparte (a younger brother of the Emperor Napoleon) and of Hortense de Beauharnois.

His birth was announced by the roar of cannon from one end of the Empire to the other; for as the Emperor had no legitimate offspring at that time, the young prince was born heir apparent to the throne of France.

His life's dawn was thus surrounded with the brightest halo of temporal fame. The Emperor, his uncle, held in hands, it was supposed, the destinies of all Europe. But at the age of seven years, on the day after the battle of Waterloo, young Napoleon had to fly from his native city; he was conveyed by his mother to Augsburg, and his grief at parting with the Emperor is said to have made a deep and lasting impression on the mind of the great Captain.

Having received a thorough education, he published, at an early age, an elaborate work on the science of Artillery, which he had studied under Col. Dufour. He has since published essays on society, government, &c.

We may add to the schedule of his qualities, these:—

—Some five feet eight inches in height.
—Brown hair and heavy moustache.
—Some forty odd years of various experience.
—A strong German accent.
—A little literary pretensions.
—A pretty mistress.
—A gentlemanly manner, and a creditable taste in dress.

French and English Laborers.—Few things have struck me more forcibly than the difference in the condition of the agricultural population of France and that of Great Britain—a subject to which I have already referred. I have never seen a more healthy, a better-clad, or a happier population than the French peasantry. Something may be ascribed to their naturally cheerful temperament, and something to that extraordinary sobriety, which everywhere in a remarkable degree characterizes the French people; but much more, I think, to the favorable condition in which this law, which renders attainable the possession of a freehold in the soil, places them. I am extremely averse to making any unfavorable comparisons; and I am quite aware that my judgment may be at fault; but I shall offend no candid mind by the calm expression of my honest opinion. The very poor condition of a large portion of the English agricultural laboring population must be acknowledged. The acquisition of property is, in most cases, all but impossible. The great difficulty, where there is a family, is to subsist; in sickness they have no resource but private charity or parish assistance; and they have in most cases nothing to which they can look forward when the power to labor fails them, but the almshouse.—*Colman's European Agriculture.*

The Riddler.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EDWARD K. MULL.

I am composed of 36 letters.

My 1, 15, 4, 20, was the wife of Jupiter, and was born at Argos.

My 2, 33, 26, 10, 6, 33, was a Persian lord, who marched at the head of an army against Megabyzus.

My 3, 18, 10, 14, 17, 26, 25, 15, 33, was one of the principal persons of Thessaly.

My 4, 24, 6, 22, 35, 7, was a most profound mathematician and philosopher.

My 5, 26, 16, 22, 9, 19, 32, 12, was a Lieutenant-Governor of Mace.

My 6, 12, 23, 15, 31, was a city of Phrygia, famous for the victory of Ptolemy, Cassander, Seleucus, and Lysimachus, over Antigonus and Demetrius.

My 7, 18, 12, 8, 15, 16, 18, was the brother of Jupiter, and reigned over the sea.

My 8, 23, 18, 29, 17, 25, 34, 15, 33, was a Governor of Bactriana, who revolted against Antiochus.

My 9, 6, 18, 10, 32, was chosen captain-general of the Syracusans, and soon after elected king.

My 10, 3, 14, 17, 34, 33, was an island of Asia Minor.

My 11, 25, 32, 15, 33, was a son of Artaxerxes Longimanus, who marched at the head of a great army against Sogdianus.

My 13, 24, 16, 7, 6, 15, 33, was a Roman officer, who distinguished himself at the siege of Carthage.

My 14, 10, 29, 4, 22, 18, 33, was a son-in-law of Artaxerxes Mnemon.

My 15, 25, 9, 32, 19, 16, 13, 33, was a king of Egypt, who built Memphis.

My 16, 28, 12, 33, 26, 15, 33, was a general of Dionysius the younger.

My 17, 6, 2, 17, 35, 10, 15, 33, was an Athenian, who opposed the putting to death of the inhabitants of Mitylene.

My 19, 15, 33, 9, was a celebrated physician.

My 20, 10, 18, 8, 24, 33, was a Governor of Asia Minor, who put Polycrates to death.

My 21, 29, 3, 26, was an Emperor of China.

My 22, 9, 18, 11, 17, 35, 27, 15, 33, was one of the principal conspirators against the life of Hieronymus.

My 30, 24, 31, 26, 15, 33, distinguished himself in the war against Perseus.

My 36, 34, 25, 23, 18, 30, was a King of Egypt, who deprived Jehoas of the crown, and gave it to Jehoiakim.

My whole was the founder of an American city.

CHARADE.

When first my *whole* in due obedience failed,
A lasting *first* was on my next entailed.

GEOMETRICAL QUESTION.

There is a certain scaline triangle whose sides are 224 perches, 156 perches, and 100 perches respectively. I wish to know the area of the greatest circle that could be found within the compass of this triangle. DELTA.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the letter K like meal?
Ans.—You cannot make cake without it.

☞ How can great K, little k, and K in a merry mood, make two Islands and a Continent?
Ans.—They are Majorca, Minorca, and America.

☞ Why is a man who has nothing to boast of but his ancestors, like a potato?
Ans.—The best thing belonging to him is under ground.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA—Magna Charta.

CHARADE—[illegible]

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

The answer to the school house question asked by D. D., two weeks ago, is D lived from house 57 6154 perches nearly, and K lived from it 67 61-7 perches.

Advertisements.

MOST EXTRAORDINARY CURES. HEAR! HEAR!' YE AFFLICTED.
COME!—COME ALL AND BE HEALED.
The Case of Mrs. Latta and her Daughter.

THE following highly interesting statement of the cures of Mrs. Eunice Latta and daughter of this city—one of a family named Thatcher, well known for its respectability to a large portion of the citizens of Philadelphia—are the most remarkable cases

OF SCROFULA CURED

upon record, and so well authenticated that the most skeptical must be satisfied of its correctness.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 1, 1848.

I hereby certify that about five years ago I was attacked with a scrofulous affection of the [illegible] continued to spread, extending its destructive [illegible] to the head and limbs, where it manifested [illegible] most agonizing pains, so incessant, as [illegible] prive me of sleep, but also of reason, [illegible] breaking out in numerous running ulcers [illegible] kind, eating and destroying both flesh and [illegible] upon being removed, left such immense [illegible] scars, and so disfigured my head and face [illegible] difficult for my most intimate friends [illegible] any of my former features; my [illegible] and was rapidly destroying my body [illegible] had so reduced my strength, that I became helpless, I was confined to my room, [illegible] in the most indescribable misery, [illegible] friends ever expected my recovery. The physicians were consulted and employed [illegible] medicine taken, but with no beneficial [illegible] despairing of help from that source, I [illegible] from the recommendation of a person [illegible] cured of the same disease, to try

DOCTOR JAYNE'S "ALTERATIVE,"

which, upon using a few bottles, gave [illegible] derful relief, that I continued its use [illegible] and swellings had subsided, and my [illegible] dried and healed.

One of my daughters was similarly affected [illegible] ulcers on her were so large, painful [illegible] particularly on her limbs, that she was [illegible] most exclusively to the house. Her limbs were crooked and very much deformed [illegible] lent tumors came out on her hands and [illegible] the lower extremities were more or less [illegible] painful ulcers, from one of which a great [illegible] of bone came away, so that the large bone [illegible] be corroded and eaten very nearly [illegible] Every effort was made, as with myself [illegible] progress of the disease without effect, [illegible] her Doctor Jayne's Alterative, which proved [illegible] beneficial to her, and removed every appearance of the disease, and her limbs and spine [illegible] restored to their natural shape.

We are now in the enjoyment of good health, some months having elapsed since the disease was arrested. I have every reason to hope that it is completely eradicated from our systems.

In conclusion, I would state, that [illegible] knowledge of your medicine would greatly [illegible] cause of suffering humanity, you are at liberty to publish my case to the world, and I shall ever [illegible] grateful remembrance, as one of its most [illegible] benefactors. EUNICE NOBLE LATTA.

Dr. D. Jayne, No. 8 S. Third street, Philadelphia.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Philadelphia, hereby certify that we are well acquainted with Eunice Latta, (formerly Thatcher,) and [illegible] been afflicted as above represented, and [illegible] ed past recovery, and is now, with her [illegible] the full enjoyment of health, through the [illegible] Jayne's invaluable Alterative.

JAMES F. CALLBREATH, 59 N. 8th [illegible]
ARTHUR THATCHER, } Hardware Merch'ts,
JAMES I. DUNCAN, } 171 Market st.
GEO. W. DUNCAN,

The subscriber is well acquainted with Mrs. Eunice Latta. She is a worthy member of [illegible] she has long been greatly afflicted with [illegible] is now comparatively restored to health [illegible] may be placed in her statements.

JOHN McDOWELL, D.D.
Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Spring Garden, December 7th, 1848.

I concur with the Rev. Dr. McDowell.
JOHN L. GRANT,
Pastor of the 11th Presbyterian Church, Phila.

We have been acquainted with Mrs. Latta several years, and know her to have been afflicted, as set forth in her statement, and concur with Dr. McDowell in saying that what she states is worthy of reliance.

EDWARD SPRAGUE, U. S. Mint,
MILFORD HALL, 107 N. Thirteenth st.
Agent of Philadelphia Bible Society.

These two gentlemen are elders in the 11th Presbyterian Church.

I have been acquainted with Mrs. Latta for years. Her statement can be fully relied on.
THOMAS B. WELCH, Engraver, 170 Cherry st.

Having known Mrs. Latta for many years, and having seen her in the deplorable state of health [illegible] described, I cannot help thinking her recovery miraculous. JOHN ROBERTSON,
Classical Teacher, North st., near Lombard.

I concur with the Rev. Dr. McDowell in [illegible] statement of facts, in regard to the extent of the disease and cure of Mrs. Latta, by Dr. Jayne's Alterative. GEO. WM DUNCAN.

I know Mrs Latta: was acquainted with her familiarly, when in her deepest afflictions [illegible] recovery as almost a miracle. I rely upon her statements, and cordially concur in the above certificates. HENRY D. MOORE,
Pastor of the 2d Independent Church.

I very frequently had opportunities to see Mrs. Latta when laboring under a combination of diseases supposed to be incurable. A person more afflicted never came under my observation. I look upon her recovery, through the instrumentality of Dr. Jayne's medicine, as almost miraculous, and feel pleasure to recommend Dr. Jayne's Alterative medicine to all so afflicted. GEO. A. SHATTUCK,
Protestant Methodist Minister, 172 [illegible]

I have been acquainted with Mrs. Latta for several years. Her disease appeared to me incurable [illegible] that death alone could relieve her from her sufferings. Her recovery, which she attributes to the use of Dr. Jayne's Alterative medicine, may truly be termed miraculous. WM. BLOOMAKER,
Publisher of Sartain's Magazine, Third and Walnut.

The above valuable Alterative is prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE,
No. 8 South Third street, Philadelphia.

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations [illegible] your not being imposed upon by an imitation, purchase only at No. 8 South Third street, Philadelphia, or of authorized Agents.

CHEAP AND GOOD WATCHES, JEWELRY and SILVER-WARE, Wholesale and Retail, at the PHILADELPHIA Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96 North SECOND street, corner of QUARRY, Philadelphia.

Gold Lever Watches, full jeweled, 18 carat cases, $30 and over
Silver Lever Watches, full jeweled, [illegible]
Silver Lepine Watches, jeweled, [illegible]
Silver Quartier Watches, $5 to $7 00
Gold Pencils, $1 50 to 2 00
Fine Gold Rings, 37½ cents to $80
Silver Spoons, equal to coin, per set—Tea [illegible], Desert $10, Table $15.
Watch Glasses, best quality—plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25.

Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.

Constantly on hand, a full assortment of fine Jewelry and Silver-ware. Also an assortment of J. Tobias & Co., E. Simpson, Samuel & Brothers, E. Yates & Co., John Harrison, G. & R. Beesley, and other superior Patent Lever Movements, which will be cased any style desired.

Arrangements have been made with all of the above celebrated makers, the best manufacturers of Liverpool, to furnish at short notice any required style of Watch, for which orders will be taken and the name and residence of the person ordering put on if requested.

O. CONRAD,
No. 96 North SECOND Street,
Importer of Watches, &c.

T. B. PETERSON'S GREAT CHEAP BOOK, MAGAZINE, NEWSPAPER, PERIODICAL and PUBLISHING ESTABLISHMENT, is No. 98 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, at which place any of the Magazines or Cheap Publications printed can always be obtained, as soon as out. Particular attention paid to filling all orders for the country trade.